EX BIBLIOTHECA
Collegii St. F. Xaverii.

Sect 051
Lib W81
Vol 35 Cop 1

Acces 22819

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE,
CINCINNATI, O.

21.75.X14

434 Jes

THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXXV. No. 3.

MISSIONARY LABORS—1905-1906

Rev. and dear Father,
P. C.

I shall not attempt to give you a detailed account of the missions of the whole year, but shall confine myself to the labors undertaken in Canada.

The summary of the work done from Sept. 1905 to July 1906 is as follows.

Number of missions 116 weeks.
Confessions, 166,385.
1st Communions, 1049.
Confirmations, 1502.
Baptisms of adults, 304.
Marriage cases settled, 97.
Catechetical Instructions, 342.

AN EXCURSION INTO CANADA

"Crossing the Border" some called it; some "In His Majesty's Dominions;" others "The Invasion of Canada." How did it all come about? For it is extraordinary for Jesuit missioners from the United States to enter Canada, at least for such an extended period as this was to be. This is how it happened. While Father Stanton was giving the retreat to the clergy of Hamilton diocese in the summer of 1905, the priests learned that he had been invited to give the Golden Jubilee mission in the Cathedral of Hamilton in April 1906. Thereupon several pastors came to him and said: "Well Father, while you are up this way you might give some missions for us. It will be a novelty for our people and they would be glad to hear a real live Yankee." Now everyone knows that Father Stanton is much alive, and I suppose we might call him a Yankee.

Six missions were accepted, and from that time on our thoughts reached out to "Our Lady of the Snows." If it would be a novelty for the Canadians to hear us, no less a novelty would it be for us to see them. For it is an incongruity but nevertheless a recognized fact that Americans, speaking generally, have a very hazy notion of Canada as compared with the knowledge displayed by Canadians about their cousins across the border. As a proof of the way Canadians have studied us and let their thoughts wander over the dividing line, witness the fact that while well-paid immigration Agents were sent abroad to induce Europe's best combination of intelligence and brawn to desert poverty and perhaps persecution for prosperity and freedom, to be reached via the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the genuine, composite Canadian, the most valuable asset that the Dominion possesses, was migrating in thousands from his native land to share in the good times prevailing in Uncle Sam's domain.

So ready has been the outgoing stream that now there are approximately 1,200,000 people of Canadian birth residing permanently in the United States, an amount equivalent to more than one-fifth of the entire population of Canada, or more than eleven per cent of the total foreign born population of its neighbor.

All this, of course, is very irritating to Canadians who love their country; but they console themselves with the fact that this dark cloud so long on the horizon of the future seems to be rolling rapidly away, and the signs of the times point to a wonderful change in the tide of affairs. Progressive American capitalists are awakening to the possibilities of the untold resources waiting the combinaton of money and labor in the land of the maple; to cite but one instance, the inactive town of Sault Ste. Marie has been transformed into a city throbbing with the hum of busy manufactures. It is one of the world's steel centres. The same story might be told of western mines, wheat lands and forests. Canada's time has begun; opportunity is knocking at the door, and she has but to grasp it to realize the roseate future spread out before her. She shouts from the house tops that, though her sons have left her by thousands for many decades, there is taking place in the west an American invasion, which is more agreeable than the one in Europe, and which, for its kind, is unparelled in the history of this continent. A Canadian correspondent of a reputable Amecrian newspaper places

the influx at 100,000 for one year, adding that is but the beginning. Editorials throughout the United States treat with alarm of the wholesale depopulation by migration across the border. I heard of a case where 300 families from Michigan settled in one section a short time ago. We were told that the greatness of Canada's destiny is not in doubt, and before many decades have rolled by she will be in a position to command the respect of the present world-powers.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, *Apr. 22–May 6.* The place of honor in the line of march was, of course, given to the Cathedral of Hamilton. It was to be the banner mission, both because of its importance and because of the Golden Jubilee of the diocese soon to be celebrated. Fathers Stanton, Howle and the present writer were appointed for this mission. Father Stanton and myself left New York Friday morning on the Empire State Express, and, after the usual quick run of that train, arrived in Buffalo in the late afternoon and stopped at Canisius' College. Father Howle arrived Saturday morning by the night train from Philadelphia. We were glad to be together that we might talk over our plans and arrange the details of the great work before us. No need to say that we were welcomed by our Fathers at Buffalo. Indeed their kindness and charity are proverbial; they have the true spirit of the Society, and one feels himself honored in being privileged to bear the same livery with such men.

Next day we took an early dinner—and then on to Canada, where Father Stanton and myself were to see the Union Jack waving at our mast-head for more than two months. Father Howle left for other work in the States at the close of the Hamilton mission.

Hamilton is situated at the head of Burlington Bay, the extreme western end of Lake Ontario, and at the foot of the Niagara escarpment here called "The Mountain." On account of its situation it does a large wholesale trade with the western peninsula. Besides it has important manufactures of stoves, machinery, boots and shoes, glassware, sewing machines and agricultural implements.

Oddly enough the thing that impressed me most on entering the city was the beauty of the sidewalks. They are made of granulite and are uniformly the same throughout the entire city, giving a park-like appearance to the place. They are laid by order of the city

authorities, and no one is allowed to choose anything different from granulite, each property owner being taxed according to the amount laid. The consequence is that the town is beautified, the citizens are satisfied and strangers within the walls impressed by the thrift of the place.

But our eyes and thoughts were not long fixed on sidewalks. It became immediately evident that we had come to a city throbbing with life, thoroughly up-to-date, and alive to the opportunities of the hour. Hamilton has progressed with rapid strides of late. I was told that in the last five years property has increased four-fold in value, and rents have doubled within a year.

The city is in the midst of a fertile tract of country stretching for miles around, which is a constant source of immense revenue, and which is called "The Garden of Canada."

Here, as in the whole of Ontario, Catholics are in the minority. They number I believe twenty per cent of the whole population. However Catholics are not a silent minority by any means; evidences of their vigor are frequent and inspiring. First there is St. Mary's Cathedral, erected in 1860, of Gothic design which has a seating capacity of 1200. The organ is one of the finest in Canada. The stained glass windows, representing the Rosary mysteries, are all of the finest Munich manufacture. They represent an outlay of over $12,000, and, with the exception of two, are donations of pious families of the parish. The large memorial windows to the deceased Bishops are a gift from the Bishop, clergy and religious communities of the diocese. The high altar is particularly beautiful and devotional. Then Loretto Academy, founded in 1865 and conducted by the Sisters of Loretto, is the leading institution in the diocese for the higher education of young ladies. Embracing a large tract of land, and situated on an elevation overlooking Hamilton Bay and Lake Ontario, its sanitary attractions are unsurpassed.

Again one of the best known institutions of Hamilton is St. Joseph's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The building is of historic interest, for it was the headquarters of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the city in 1860, and the "Prince's Room" is still pointed out. The property was acquired by the episcopal corporation in 1887 for the purpose of a residence for Bishop Carbery. When transferred to Hamilton in 1889, Rt. Rev. Thomas Dowling, the pres-

ent Bishop, lived for a short time at "Undermount," as it was then called, but seeing the urgent need for a Catholic hospital, and judging the site to be admirably adapted for the purpose, the Bishop transferred the property to the Sisters. The site is one of rare beauty. Situated on an elevation at the base of the mountain, the hospital is removed from the noise and smoke of the city, and affords a grand view not only of Hamilton, but also of the Bay and Lake Ontario in the distance—"a million dollar view" Father Stanton called it on the occasion of his visit there.

The Catholics of Hamilton are justly proud of their schools. They are eight in number and are taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Ladies of Loretto. It is in the matter of the education of children that the advantages Canadian Catholics have over those in the United States become apparent. The separate school system prevails throughout all Canada; which means, of course, that Catholics are taxed for their own schools only. Such a system is the dream of our loyal overburdened people. Will it ever be realized? In Canada if a pastor wants improvements made in his school, or needs a new school, he simply calls on the School Board, tells them what he desires—and he gets it. In the Cathedral parish there are three separate schools; one for boys; one for girls; and the third, a classical school for young men. In Catholic Quebec the civil law declares that a Catholic is not allowed to give his taxes to the public school, nor a Protestant to the Catholic school. Not so in Protestant Ontario; the assessor here asks each property owner to which school he wishes his taxes applied, and he is written down in the books accordingly. The cases are very rare where a Catholic gives support to the public school and sends his children there. However, there are such cases and this caused us a deal of trouble and worry during our missionary tour, for it is a reserved case in this diocese.

Evidently our coming had been heralded, and it soon became clear that the people expected great things from the New Yorkers. The conductor on our train, a Protestant, said to us,

"Are you men the American missioners?"

We humbly allowed that we were.

"May I come up to hear you speak?" he said. Of course he received a hearty invitation. During our walk to the Cathedral we were stopped several times, saluted more frequently, and gazed at continually. Yes

both Catholics and Protestants alike knew we were coming.

As I said, it was to be the Golden Jubilee mission, and great preparations had been mede to insure its success. Father Mahoney, the pastor of the Cathedral, is a very energetic man, and one also of remarkable executive ability. He had overlooked no detail. He and his four assistants had scoured the parish, encouraging the well-disposed and reclaiming the back-sliders; so that when Sunday evening came we saw before us a large church filled to its capacity. The Bishop was present on his throne, giving dignity to the occasion and encouraging the good work. In fact he came nearly every night to the services. This is worthy of mention because his Lordship does not live at the Cathedral, but at the "Bishop's Palace" more than a mile distant.

By order of higher powers it became my duty—and my privilege—to preach the opening sermon, and, as we were in Canada, etiquette required me to begin with not "Right Rev. Bishop," but "My Lord." But a Sunday night attendance is no criterion of a mission; the real test is the five o'clock Mass during the week. And so at breakfast next morning the first question was,

"How was the crowd?"

"Fine."

"Good; we are all right."

Things were moving satisfactorily; the Exercises marched along with a swing; the people were doing their duty; the pastor was delighted, and we felt that our efforts would bear abundant fruit.

But ours was to be no primrose path, and this soon became evident. One of the great evils existing in Ontario, as in the United States, is that of mixed marriages. However the harm done by them in Canada is generally greater than with us; for in the United States the free-and-easy indifference to all religion oftentimes makes it possible for the Catholic party to bring the children up in the church. Such is not the case generally in the Dominion. Some faith is found there among Protestants; religion means something to them, and they are careful to hand down their traditions to their descendants. And even where there is no faith at all, hostility towards the Catholic Church is oftentimes bitter, and hence every pressure is brought to bear that the children be deprived of their inheritance, and this takes place not seldom with marked success. The case is

worse where the husband is a Freemason—as frequently happens.

Many heart-rending stories were brought to our notice where whole families were irredeemably lost because giddy young manhood—more frequently giddy young womanhood—will not learn wisdom and take counsel in time. They run off and are married in haste secretly, only to find afterwards perhaps that there was no marriage at all because of the want of baptism of the non-Catholic. And then arise complications of a very serious nature indeed.

I knew, too, of some cases where the mother struggled for a time and had the children baptized secretly; but when the husband found that she was sending them to Sunday School, or teaching them the catechism, a systematic persecution began which gradually broke her spirit and finally caused her to give up everything and drift with the tide. Result, a brood of young pagans, a husband who is a supercilious scoffer at the Church of God, and a sad-eyed, broken-hearted, despairing mother. Of course we tried to do what we could for such unfortunates, and many cases were adjusted satisfactorily and peace restored. But some there were where the circumstances were such that the natural law and ecclesiastical discipline intervened to make our efforts not records of success but of struggle.

But there were some consoling cases. Here is one. A Catholic lady asked that one of the missioners call on her husband who was dying of cancer. Father Howle went and found him very low and suffering intensely. After a few words of sympathy Father Howle said,

"Would you like to become a Catholic?"

"O, don't talk to me now about religion, I am too tired."

Before leaving Father Howle gave his wife a badge of the Sacred Heart and told her to pin it on her husband's shirt over his heart. She did so and shortly after the man exclaimed,

"Mary, I feel much better; the pain seems to have left me." Then his wife said,

"The Sacred Heart has done this for you. Do you wish to become a Catholic?"

"O yes, send for the priest." Father Howle was summoned at once. He gave the poor man sufficient instruction, baptized him, gave him Holy Communion

and Extreme Unction, and invested him in the scapular. "O, I am so happy, so happy" the man kept saying.

Father Stanton gave a vigorous talk one night on the evils of mixed marriages which provoked some criticism in the papers next day. But we did not mind a little thing like that. Indeed some of the newspapers of Hamilton were almost continually criticizing. It looked as though the editors were trying to start a controversy like that which took place three years before. At that time Father Stanton was conducting a mission in the Cathedral and on the first Sunday delivered his sermon: "Is one Church as good as another?" Next day a letter appeared in the paper accusing him of things that had not been said. Father Stanton wrote to the paper correcting the misstatement. Following this another bitter letter by a minister appeared which called for an answer, and the battle was on. But Father Stanton dropped out of it after a few days, for he saw that no good could be effected by the controversy. Then the ministers began to wrangle among themselves, bitter incriminations were indulged in, till the original question was lost sight of entirely. This, we were told, continued for several weeks after the mission closed.

As I said, it looked as if the uneasy spirits were trying to draw the missioners out. If so, the scheme failed, and the only return to their rapid firing was dignified silence. We were not there to give notoriety to a few bigoted ministers, nor to furnish sensationalism for a curious public.

However, if the people of Hamilton were looking for excitement, they got it shortly and in a very unexpected way. Prince Arthur of Connaught was making a tour of the principal cities of Canada about that time, and Hamilton had prepared an elaborate reception. According to the program he was to stop there forty-five minutes. But a short time before the day set for the reception the master of ceremonies wrote to Mayor Biggar saying, that owing to unforeseen difficulties the Prince could remain in Hamilton only five minutes, and would graciously hold the reception on the rear end of the train. The pride of Hamilton was sorely wounded and indignation ran high. Then a curious thing happened. His Honor the Mayor sent word to the master of ceremonies that if the Prince could stay only five minutes in Hamilton he might remain away. Hamilton seems to be quite a democratic town, does it not? Imagine the Mayor of one of our cities talking like that about the

grand nephew of Edward of England. Prince Arthur of Connaught did not visit Hamilton and the waters of Lake Ontario, in their accustomed grandeur, rolled on serenely towards the sea.

Quite different was the attitude of the city when the news came, a few days after this, that a Hamilton boy had won the great Marathon race and had become the champion long-distance runner of the world. His name is Wm. Sherring and he had been employed as a brakeman on the Canadian Pacific R. R. up to that time. Hamilton went wild with excitement; enthusiasm knew no bounds; the boy's name was on every lip; his picture was displayed in the shop windows; Sherring souvenir post cards were struck off, and a massmeeting of the citizens, with the Mayor presiding, was called to make arrrangements for a reception to their hero on his return from Greece. A committee was sent to meet him on landing at New York, and when he arrived at Hamilton by boat the whole city was at the wharf to welcome him, the bands playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." A purse of about $1000 was subscribed and he was given a government position with a fine salary. Nor did adulation stop there. I have heard since that the city intends to erect a statue in his honor. I mention this incident as an indication of the spirit of Hamilton, and as a proof that men may sometimes forget their prejudices; for very many of those who honored Sherring are bigoted Protestants. The young man is a Catholic, received his education in the parish schools and has been always highly thought of by the priests at the Cathedral. Father Mahoney told me that Sherring said to his mother before leaving, "Mother, be sure to put my prayer book and crucifix in my valise." Father Stanton referred to this one night of the mission during his talk to the men, saying that he was glad to see such evidence of faith, and he urged the men to keep these articles of piety about them. Next day the papers had it this way: "The Rev. Missioner from New York declared last night that Sherring won the race because he carried his prayer book and crucifix." Perhaps they expected an answer to that too, but again dignified silence.

As the mission advanced we saw that the attendance increased so that it was thought advisable to have a double closing of the women's mission on Sunday afternoon. And it was well that this plan was followed, for at each service the church was filled, comfort was se-

cured and overcrowding with its consequent annoyance and danger averted.

Thus ended the first week of a very consoling and edifying mission. The women had followed the Exercises with a punctuality and fervor far beyond the expectation of their pastor, and we felt that God's blessing was accompanying our efforts.

We were now ready for the men; the trumpet call resounded—would they respond? There is always a bit of anxiety about the men's mission, especially in a strange place; and the main reason why the first week is given to the women is that by the zeal enkindled in their hearts during the Exercises they may become apostles to stir the laggard male folk and induce them to take advantage of the means of grace which brought so much comfort to their own lives.

Another powerful help to that same end is the apostleship of the little ones of the flock; and hence we always have a mission for the children—and always in the first week too. They are told that the success of the mission depends in a great measure on them; that they must ask God to bless the work, and do all in their power to induce their fathers and big brothers to come next week. This pleases the children and impresses them with their own importance; and the result is that nearly every household in the parish shelters one or more youthful crusader whose watchword is, "God wills it!" I have heard some wonderful instances of the reclaiming of burdened old sinners by the simple pleading of an innocent child. Men have frequently said to me: "Father, I did not intend to come, but my little child begged so earnestly that I did not have the heart to refuse—and here I am."

Our reliance on these auxiliaries was rewarded, for Sunday evening brought such a crowd of men that former records were wiped out and a new one written down. Men were there who had scarcely the name of Catholic; others were seen who had been looked on as Protestants, or of no religion at all. They were an earnest-looking body of men; it was good to behold them. "Glorious, glorious" was the verdict. The Bishop who was present complimented them and encouraged them to complete the good work begun in such a Christian manner.

Father Stanton was the orator that night, and he was at his best. He put before them the end of their existence in vigorous, burning language, telling them how they must walk if they would win God's favor in time

and secure the inheritance of another world. The men seemed deeply touched. Argument, pleading, example, illustration swept along in an impetuous torrent. Ideals of Christian manhood were put before them; God's claims on their allegiance were insisted upon; the value of their immortal souls was emphasized, and Heaven held out as a reward which they only shall gain who strive lawfully unto the end. It was indeed a solemn scene. The silence was impressive. Those men were steadied and made thoughtful; and I am sure every one of them left the church that night feeling that he had a soul to save and it was worth the saving.

A work begun so well was certain to continue fruitfully. Indeed I have seldom seen such evidences of downright earnestness on the part of Catholic men. There was a thoroughness about their work, and a zeal which was edifying and consoling. The cases were not uncommon where men constituted themselves apostles to gather the sheep of the fold that had strayed and make them participators of the light that had flooded their own souls. One man said to me: "Father, I want you to say a prayer for my friend. If it were not for him I would not be here to-night. He asked me to come to the mission and I refused at first. But he kept at it all the time, pestering the life out of me. Then I got mad and we had a fight over it. But he got me in the end just the same."

The spirit of the mission was abroad, working marvellously in unexpected ways. The silent preaching of example, too, was eloquent, as it always is, and produced some striking results. The mere fact of a body of men rising at 4.30 every morning, going to Mass, working hard all day, and then returning to the church for the evening Exercises, could not fail to teach a lesson. Add to this the seriousness of these men and the change affected in their lives, and you have an argument that is irresistible.

One night towards the end of the week I was called to the parlor and there I saw a wretched specimen of humanity. He had evidently been a dissipated man, and on his head had broken the lightning of the wrath of sin. Timid he seemed and afraid to speak; a haunted look was in his eyes like that of a lost soul. I spoke to him kindly and asked what I could do for him. "Father," he said, "I come to see if you think there is any hope for me. I have been watching those men going to the mission all this week. I wanted to go, but was afraid."

"Why were you afraid?" I asked.

"I was afraid the roof would fall on me if I entered the church."

I assured him the roof would not fall on him, and persuaded him to hear the sermon that night. "God's Mercy" was the subject, and after the services he came to see me again. But what a change! The haunted look was gone and gladness was in his face.

"Father, I did not think it was as easy as that. Fix me up."

I "fixed him up." The poor fellow found rest at last; his family was reunited, and peace was brought to home where constant discord had reigned for years. Such instances might be multiplied, examples showing that Heaven's grace was working.

Generally on our missions there is no service Saturday afternoon or evening, the whole time being given to hearing confessions. But here a change was made in this regard. The men were told that we would have the Holy Hour on Saturday evening from 7.30 to 8.30. The announcement was made with some misgiving, but what was our surprise and delight to see 800 men in the church when the time of service arrived. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed and a few words were spoken on the text "Could you not watch one hour with me?" The rest of the time was given up to the recital of prayers and the singing of hymns closing with Benediction. The hour seemed to pass very quickly. I was hearing confessions at the time and was surprised to notice that the service had ended. A man said to me afterwards: "Why, Father, that is the best part of the mission and it did me more good than any service I attended this week."

A painful incident came to my knowledge about this time. A young man of eighteen, who had been educated in the parish school and had served Mass for years in the Cathedral, suddenly appeared on the streets dressed in the uniform of the Salvation Army, with a bundle of "The War Cry" under his arm.

"What does all this mean?" he was asked.

"I am a soldier of the Lord now," he replied.

His poor mother was heart-broken. She begged the priests of the Cathedral to talk to the boy. They did so, but could do nothing with him, and asked me to try to bring him to his senses.

"Why did you join the Salvation Army?" I said.

"I want to please Jesus," he replied.

"Do you think the Catholic Church wrong?"
"O no," he said lightly.
"Did you go to Mass last Sunday?"
"No."
"Have you made your Easter duty?"
"No."
"And do you think you are pleasing Jesus by acting like that, and breaking your mother's heart?"

I tried my best to bring him back, but failed. His answer to everything was: "I want to please Jesus." There is a strong impression in the minds of many that the boy is crazy.

As an offset to this distressing experience a living example of heroic faith was brought to my notice a day or two later. The pastor said to me "Father, I want you to see our cripple and give her your blessing." We called and it was a most pitiful sight we beheld. For thirty-six years she had been perfectly helpless, suffering excruciating pain almost constantly. And yet she heard Mass nearly every Sunday, a charitable neighbor deeming it a privilege to wheel her chair to and from the church. "God has been very good to me," she said. "He has denied me the use of my limbs, but I can pray and that is a great consolation. I am willing to suffer as long as the good Lord wishes, and indeed I am very happy." I gave her a crucifix with the indulgence of the Stations and told her she could make the mission by saying some prayers at home. Those who have the care of her say that they never hear a murmur or complaint during the intensest agony. She is called the saint of the Cathedral parish.

Generally there is a special service for the women on the last Sunday afternoon of the mission. Here it took the form of a grand reception of all the sodalities of the parish. These sodalities were in a flourishing condition, especially among the younger set; but active membership was slightly on the decline, and they needed some rousing that a manifestation might be made in honor of the Golden Jubilee, and as a tribute to the Mother of God for her share in the prosperity of the diocese. A great outpouring it was on that beautiful Sunday of early spring. The subject on that occasion was "The Valiant Women." The papers had it: "The Violent Woman." They do get things twisted sometimes—or was it malice?

That last Sunday in Hamilton was a busy one. Besides the above mentioned celebration another was held

in the church that same afternoon. It was a re-union of all the societies of men in the city. They paraded through the principal streets in uniform and met at the Cathedral where an address was delivered by one of the missioners.

We had not finished with the men yet. The closing of their mission was still before them. Was it not taxing their patience too much to require attendance at the above mentioned celebration? Not a bit. The number of men in the church at the closing exercises that evening was far in excess of any service of the week. Those men, God bless them! would have made almost any sacrifice. Their heart was in the work—they had been conquered—and Hamilton was a closed incident.

DUNDAS, ONTARIO, *St. Augustine's Church. May 6–13.*—This is one of the oldest parishes in Ontario, dating back to the time when Hamilton and Toronto were hardly known. Dundas was a thrifty business centre. It is thrifty now, but can hardly be called a centre, as Hamilton, its prosperous neighbor, has absorbed most of its business life. It has settled down to the condition of a quiet, beautiful country town, and is perfectly satisfied with itself, not seeking change and envying no one. Dundas was the boyhood home of Dr. Osler who became famous some time ago by his startling pronouncement on old age. The town also boasts of the house where lived William Lyon Mac Kenzie, the "Stormy Petrel" of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837–8.

The pastor, Mgr. Heenan V. G., is one of the most respected priests in Ontario. He reminded me very much of Father Purbrick; the resemblance was striking. He was for twenty-seven years pastor of the Cathedral in Hamilton, but on account of advancing age was obliged to give up so important a charge and be content with this narrow field for his zeal. "The Saint of the diocese" he is called, and it became evident to us while there that the reputation is well merited. He leads the life of a religious in his parsonage, makes his meditation every morning, spends half an hour in preparation for Mass, makes his examen at regular hours and visits often the Blessed Sacrament. His beautiful life is a constant source of edification and encouragement to the priests of the diocese. The Protestant element of the town respect him, and his own people hold him in veneration.

The mission began in this place before that in Hamilton had closed, hence it was necessary to divide our

forces, and it became my duty to manage affairs alone for a day. I left the cathedral during the busy confession hours Saturday night, and, though it was rather late when I arrived at Dundas, the Venerable Vicar was waiting to welcome me. And such a welcome! He could not have shown more deference to a Bishop. I felt very small under it all and protested respectfully. "No, no," he said, "I feel honored in having a Jesuit in my house. I love the Society and am always glad to meet a son of St. Ignatius."

Mgr. Heenan and his assistant were present in the sanctuary during all the Exercises. "We want to make the mission," they said. The attendance was good, could hardly have been better, as every member of the parish was present except two or three incorrigibles.

A number of societies flourish in the parish and membership in each is large. With such good material to work upon, it was not hard to rouse the people to a high degree of fervor. They responded earnestly to our efforts and made a very edifying mission. Their zeal was put to the test, too, for during most of the week the weather was wretched. But that had no appreciable effect on the attendance; rain and wind had no terrors for such as these. And this is the more remarkable as many families live several miles distant from the church, yet they made the journey twice a day during the whole mission.

We made special appeals for the Sodality and the League, calling for increased membership and encouraging to even greater fervor and zeal those who had always signalized themselves in those holy works. The results were gratifying far beyond our expectations. It is consoling to meet with a congregation like this. We felt that our efforts were bearing fruit, that every suggestion was acted upon, and that the good effected would abide.

Too great credit cannot be given to Mgr. Heenan for the conditions we found there. During all the years of his pastoral charge he has guided his people with a strong hand, and yet sweetly in the spirit of Christ. He has taught them to love their faith and to be proud of it. His saintly life has been a shining example stimulating to right living, and his influence has been uplifting. The passing years are silently stealing away the active vigor of manhood; the days of sojourning may not be long; but the great heart of that good man goes out to his flock in increasing solicitude.

As the mission was for a week only we were compelled to have a double closing—women at 3.30 P. M. men at 7.30 in the evening. A rain storm came on about 1 o'clock which increased in violence as the afternoon advanced ; and as the hour of service drew near the downpour was terrific, with the wind blowing a gale. A sad prospect for us. However on going into the church I found that very few had been kept away by the storm. The Protestants of the town gazed in wonder from their windows, and I was told that many marvelled at the foolishness, as they put it, of those Catholic women. They could not rise to the level of such a spirit of sacrifice. Indeed my experience is that Catholics are most anxious to receive the Papal Blessing, which is always given at the close of our missions. Many new members for the Sodality and the League were received at the end of the services.

Father Stanton went to Hamilton in the morning to preach at the dedication of the new church of St. Ann. He returned in time for the closing exercises of the men's mission. The weather had cleared in the meantime and the men had a lovely evening for their grand finale. And they were there in force.

We had been engaged for three weeks of continuous hard work and the time had come for a rest, that we might recuperate shattered forces and gain strength for new endeavor. No one could endure this strenuous life if continued uninterruptedly. Early rising, the hard work of instruction and hearing confessions before breakfast, long hours in the box during the day, difficult cases to be settled, and preaching at night, with the many details consequent on a mission, tax one's endurance, and would soon make havoc with health were not a halt called at times.

But we were strangers in a strange land. Where would we retire? Father Connolly, the Superior of our house in Guelph, solved the difficulty by kindly inviting us to spend the week with him. We thankfully accepted, glad to be with Ours again, and the day after the mission we bade good by to beautiful Dundas, carrying with us pleasant memories and the encouraging consciousness of a good work done.

GUELPH, in the centre of a rich agricultural district, has a large trade in grain and cattle, and manufactures flour, agricultural implements, sewing machines, musical instruments, and malt and distilled liquors. The Ontario College of Agriculture and Experimental Farm

are at Guelph. They occupy a beautiful position on the hills overlooking the city.

Our church is the most conspicuous object in the place. It is a massive structure built in 13th century Gothic. Every year during the month of June school teachers from the whole of Ontario came to Guelph to visit the Agricultural College there, and at that time the Jesuit Church is one of the objects of interest marked on the program to be seen. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Father Connolly while we were with him. He had belonged to the New York-Canada Mission in the old days before the separation and had taught at Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's. We had many delightful talks during our stay, recalling the old familiar faces and dwelling on memories of the past.

The St. John's Catholic Club, under the able directorship of Father Coffee, is a vigorous association of the town banded together for mutual help and worthy social functions. The organization is comparatively young, yet it has already made its mark, and the Protestants of the place are beginning to realize that Catholics can be a power for good when rightly handled.

The energetic Director had arranged a reception for his club and asked Father Stanton to deliver an address on the occasion. Although the weather was extremely warm for that time of the year, most of the members were present in their beautiful rooms. And a most delightful evening it was. There is a good deal of talent among the young men, and the entertainment they gave was of a high order. The President, a rising young doctor of the town, welcomed the visitors from the States in choice language, and introduced the orator of the evening. Father Stanton's speech was a masterly exposition of the end of a Catholic club, the reasons for its existence, the influence it should exert. A quiet, modest-looking gentleman sat next to me all this time, and when Father Stanton had finished, the President said: "We shall now hear a few words from our esteemed fellow-member, Mr. Joseph Dowling M. P. At that my quiet neighbor arose and his "few words" were an eloquent, sparkling, stirring speech such as it has been my good fortune seldom to hear.

At the conclusion of the Reception the pianist played the familiar air "America" and the members arose to sing—not "America,"—but "God Save the King." During the singing I remarked to one of the men near

me: "This is the first time I ever stood up for the King." While all were leaving the club rooms the pianist played "Yankee Doodle," as a tribute to the foreigners.

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO. *St. Basil's Church, May 20–June 3.* Brantford is beautifully situated on the Grand River. It is a great manufacturing centre and ranks third among the cities of Canada for its exports. The city is named after Capt. Joseph Brant the famous Indian who was chief of the Six Nations. His Indian name was Thayendanegea. If the American soldiers could have laid hands on Capt. Joseph Brant during the early years of the Revolutionary War there would be no Brantford to-day, at least under that name. For the Indian rendered great service to England during that time. He harassed the Continental troops, attacked them in most unexpected ways and was a constant menace to them. At the close of the war he received from England, as a reward for his services, three miles of territory near the Grand River, and on part of this land Brantford is built. In one of the public squares of the town stands a beautiful monument with a statue of heroic size representing the great chief.

Close by Brantford lies the Indian Reservation containing 7000 red men. They are descendants of the Six Nations over whom Brant ruled. It is said he requested that priests be sent to his people, but none could be spared at the time. Then he called in the ministers of the English church, and to the present time this church looks after the spiritual wants of the Reservation. The old Mohawk Church, also on the Reservation, is an object of interest to strangers. It was erected by George III. in 1785 and was the first Protestant church built in Ontario. Close by this church Thayendanegea is buried, a massive tomb marking his resting place.

Brantford boasts of producing Bell of telephone fame. We saw the cottage where he worked at his discovery and from which he sent the first phone message to the centre of the city. This cottage is now used as a museum.

The pastor's residence is several squares distant from the church, an inconvenient arrangement in some ways, yet it has the advantage of compelling a certain amount of exercise in the open every day.

There are two churches in Brantford, St. Basil's and St. Mary's, the latter being an offshoot of the former, and founded only a few years ago. The pastor of St. Mary's wished us to give several sermons in his church

while the mission in St. Basil's was progressing. But as that was an impossible arrangement, he told his people to start in and make the mission with us. The consequence was that we were kept busy during the next two weeks with both parishes.

There were many notable conversions during this mission, chief among them being that of an ex-mayor of the city who had remained away from the Sacraments for years. One of the rising young men of the parish is manager for a large department store of the city. Unfortunately he had a short time previously contracted marriage with a Protestant before a minister. The affair caused much talk and a great deal of scandal. The young man's employer, who is not a Catholic, heard of it and said to him: "I want you to straighten that thing out, otherwise you can't work for me any longer." He "straightened it out" by doing public penance at high Mass on the following Sunday and making a most edifying mission.

This young man executed a stroke of genius while we were there. A rival firm had advertised its store on the public sprinkling tanks. Our enterprising young friend saw his opportunity. The tanks are owned by the city, but the horses by the drivers. He induced those drivers to allow him to place a netting over the horses, on which was printed the name of his firm, with "We lead, others follow." Immediately there was a war. He was brought to court and the judge ordered the signs to be removed from the horses. This was just what he wanted. The signs had been paraded through the streets for three days; the whole town talked about the affair and he got plenty of advertising for his store.

There is a large school for the blind in Brantford conducted by the government. A very estimable lady has charge of the Catholic pupils, and she accompanied them to the exercises of the mission. A portion of the church was always reserved for them. It was most pathetic to see them looking towards the pulpit with their sightless eyes as they eagerly followed every word that was said. They came to call on us several times to ask for our blessing. And a bright lot of children we found them, cheerful and happy, with seemingly no thought of the terrible affliction they had to endure.

Not so consoling was the case of one man in the parish who could not be induced to make the mission. Years ago he was a member of Parliament for the Dominion and is now known as "the silver-tonged prevari-

cator of the West." He declared that he did not need a mission, boasted that he could get along without the church, and was as good as the next one, anyway. The curate of this parish is an energetic member of the church militant. He went to see this man one day and said to him, "Look here, I know why you don't go to confession and if you like I'll tell you." The man's face paled at this and no more was heard of his boasting. It seems he was implicated in a very disgraceful affair some time ago and thought no one knew of it; but was terrified when he found that the priest was aware of his action.

While preaching on death in the men's week I gave several cases of sudden summons that had come to my knowledge, and said: "Can this happen to you? If not, why not?" During my talk I had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age who seemed very much impressed. After the sermon I had occasion to go outside of the church, and there saw my attentive auditor tackling another boy and pounding him, and at each blow he shouted at the top of his voice, "If not, why not?" Evidently he had remembered at least that much of his lesson.

Next morning I remarked that our militant curate seemed rather bedraggled and inquired why. He replied: "You have caused me the hardest night's work I have had in a long time. A sick call came at 12.30 and I was obliged to walk three miles in the pouring rain over muddy roads. The man had a pain in his head and thought he was dying." "Did he die?" I asked. "Die!" he said. "No; not the slightest danger. He was more scared than hurt. Those sudden death stories terrified him. But he made his confession, so my journey was not in vain."

Near the church lives a fortune-teller; over her door is a large sign which reads: "Madam De Le Mar, Clairvoyant, Astro-Psychic Reader." They say her real name is Bridget Donahue. She had done a rushing business before the mission began, but after a few vigorous talks on the sin of superstition most of Madam's occupation was gone. We were obliged to pass by the house every day on our way to and from the church, and many were the scowls that greeted us.

Here too we were confronted with the evils of mixed marriage; and there were several sad cases of whole families lost to the faith on account of them. We succeeded in breaking several prospective alliances in that

direction. Young women are generally the offenders, and they give as an excuse that they must marry protestants or remain single, for there are very few eligible Catholic men in the town. The priests say there is a deal of truth in this, as many of the young men seem to have no ambition to advance themselves, or do not care to marry. These conditions gave us topics for some plain talk, and I believe many of the men awoke to the realities of life.

The children gave us a great deal of consolation here. They made their little mission with a fervor seldom surpassed. Here is one instance of the interest they took. Victoria Day, which is a national holiday in Canada, was celebrated while their mission was going on. The boys had arranged a baseball game with a rival club of the city for the afternoon. But that would compel them to lose one of the Exercises, which would never do, they said; and so they forced arrangements so that the game could be played in the morning.

The young curate whom I mentioned above was of great assistance to us. Every day he visited some sluggish members of the parish "rounding them up," as he called it. Of course he found those whom we never could have reached and many backsliders were brought to the mission through his efforts. His methods were peculiar at times. He is a large athletic man, and in his youthful days spent some time in the lumber camps of the North. I suspect that besides argument and moral suasion he occasionally made use of some muscular Christianity in bringing the lost sheep back to the fold. There is a large Poor House near the town—they call it the House of Refuge here—he paid a visit to the place one day searching for Catholics, but found only five, and they were Irishmen. He asked them to make their Easter duty, but they said, "Sure what's the hurry?" Then he got angry. "Look here," he exclaimed, "you fellows represent the Catholic Church in this Institution. Now if you don't make your confession, I'll tell the Superintendent to write you down as Protestants." That settled the matter. "Yes, Father," one said, "we are among a lot of Protestant pups." They all made their Easter duty.

The League of the Sacred Heart had fallen off greatly here and the promoters were few. This surprised us, as the young ladies' sodality is a fine one, among the best we had seen. We felt that a suggestion and a bit of encouragement was all that was needed to put new

life into the League. Accordingly at the closing of the women's mission we made an appeal for promoters, and and sixty-five came forward at once to offer themselves for the good work. They were an eager lot, anxious to do anything that was required, and delighted that they were asked to cooperate. They were instructed in the duties of promoters and told to solicit membership. And they did. The whole town was canvassed in a few days, and before the end of the week practically every adult member of the parish was enrolled in the League.

Here as in other places the priests were surprised and edified at our going into the confessional immediately after preaching a long sermon. They said one needed a rest after such an effort, "time to cool off," as they put it. But this is our custom. Indeed there is little thought of rest just then or of "cooling off"—there is work to be done and very important work. The greatest number of confessions are heard at that time, and it can't be wasted. It is the time, too, when the people are roused and their hearts touched by the unfolding of powerful truths, and if you don't catch them then—well, you'll be disappointed in your haul of fish.

We had consoling experiences here and some curious ones. A member of the parish who deals extensively in cattle, made several trips in his automobile every evening and each time he brought a crowd of men from the outskirts of the town who otherwise would not have made the mission. He is a man of great influence and an invitation from him generally meant a call heeded. "If not, why not?" he would say. An argument followed which ended in the reluctant one deciding to take a ride. One night his automobile broke down; but a little thing like that did not trouble him. He hired several teams, and, though somewhat late, corralled his little flock in time for the sermon.

Here also we had the "Holy Hour" on Saturday evening. It is astonishing how readily men take to this extra service, and how impressed they are by it. The wonderful system of the Exercises produces marvellous changes in men's souls. Hearts are touched and gradually raised to such a degree of fervor that there is scarcely any sacrifice they will not make if called upon to do so. I have seen men present at the Holy Hour who had given up all practice of their religion and were looked on as having entirely lost their faith. And they were sometimes the most attentive and fervent worshippers in the church. Saturday night is a dangerous

time. Most of the men have been screwed up to an unaccustomed tension since Sunday, and when Saturday comes some are apt to relax and celebrate, the merry-making continuing over Sunday, with the consequence that the fruit of the mission may be lost. Hence the advantage of the Holy Hour.

PARIS, ONTARIO, *Church of the Sacred Heart. June 3–10.* Father Stanton remained in Brantford for the closing, and it became my duty again to proceed on to open a mission this time at Paris. I began to look on myself as an advance guard—the heavy guns coming up in the rear.

Paris is called "the most beautiful town in Canada." I can easily understand this pious exaggeration of the natives, for the view on approaching the place is one of charm. The origin of the name is not quite so poetical as might be supposed; for Canadian Paris is called from gypsum or plaster of paris which is found in great abundance there. But the people console themselves with the thought that European Paris is named from mud, so what's the difference anyway.

The town is built on a steep incline overlooking the Grand River valley. This valley in its geological formation is a very mine to the student of science. It is of varying character and presents aspects alike charming and bewildering. In the legendary lore of the district the story goes that at one period the whole valley was a vast lake, which was fed from hidden springs and which had no inlet or outlet. The big lake, deep and dark, did not contain fish, so impregnated was it with chemical substances, produced in nature's labratory, destructive of both animal and vegetable life. It was a veritable dark sea, and the Indians viewed it with such awe that their canoes never ventured on its forbidding bosom. The presence of strong mineral springs all along the Valley of the Grand lends color to the ancient tales about the quality of the water, and the researches of geologists go to confirm the theory of the lake origin of the valley. As the legend further runs, there was a terrible earthquake which tore down the retaining walls and opened fissures in the bottom, the result being the disappearance of the lake, leaving, when the gaps closed, only a meandering stream.

The Catholic Church was the pioneer church of Paris, and can boast of an edifice that far surpasses all the other ecclesiastical buildings, and in truth is the architectural glory of this part of the town. It is a monu-

ment to the zeal and taste of the present Bishop of Hamilton, who was for many years pastor at Paris. The church is a fine specimen of decorative Gothic.

The present pastor is a zealous, hard-working man, and utterly without fear in the discharge of what appears to him his duty. He constantly visits the members of his parish, encouraging the good and striving to reclaim the back-sliders. Of the latter sort there are few, mostly the result of mixed marriages. These are a source of much anxiety to this man of many trials, but he gives them no rest, hoping to reclaim them one day. Some say that his zeal is imprudent, that he repels by his insistence. But those who express themselves thus are not particularly noted for their zeal for God's house.

As I mentioned above, it is a reserved case in the diocese of Hamilton for a parent to send his children to the public school. There were only two in this parish who were violators of the law, but they gave us much trouble. One man in particular was extremely obstinate. He maintained that the Sister could not keep order in her class room, and, as his boy was fifteen years of age and nearing the end of his school days, discipline was necessary for his proper education. Of course. But there was the regulation of the Bishop. He couldn't help that; his business was to look after the interests of his boy; he was sure that if the Bishop understood the case an exception would be made. He pleaded well—but there was the law, and the Bishop did understand his case, and no exception was made. Of course he could not make the mission. Father Stanton argued with this man till 12 o'clock one night, but could not induce him to yield. Next morning the pastor sympathized with Father Stanton on being kept up so late. "No, no," said the missioner, "it is a time of war now, and a good soldier must expect a night attack."

Several times during the early days of the mission we spoke of the great number of women present in comparison to the men. A member of the parish met us one day and said: "Father, don't be so hard on the men, they are doing all right. Don't you know that in this blessed town there are fifteen women to one man?" That night we were not so hard on the men.

A young man called to see me after Mass on Sunday. He said: "Father, I am a Methodist, but to-day I went to your church, assisted at Mass and heard the sermon. It was all fine and a revelation to me, I was very much

impressed. Why can't our minister have something like that? He gets up on a platform, preaches a while, then there is a hymn and a prayer, and the whole thing is over. And what does it amount to?" I said to him: "What else is there for your minister to do?" Then I told of the mining camp, how the congregation one Sunday morning saw posted on the door of the church this, "Don't shoot the organist, he's doing his best."

On Friday night of this week a fearful thunderstorm came on during the services. The wind blew a gale and the cannonading was terrific. Lightning struck several times near the church, some houses were blown down and many trees uprooted. As I watched, the tempest burst with renewed fury. The lightning kindled almost to a stationary blaze. and there was nearly one grand, continuous roar of thunder; all was a wild turmoil of howling winds, writhing trees, and driving rain sheets.

Father Stanton was preaching at the time on the "Mercy of God." The pastor said to me: "Wouldn't Father Stanton be in his glory to night if the subject were "Judgment?" "No indeed," I replied, "matters are bad enough now. He will have all he can do to keep those people quiet." And so it was. The congregation, especially the women folks, were thoroughly alarmed, and it was well that a soothing theme was the subject of that night's discourse; otherwise there might have been a panic.

The storm continued till long after the sermon had ended, but the people remained, very few venturing to leave the church, and we were kept busy hearing confessions late into the night.

The League of the Sacred Heart, for some unaccountable reason, had practically ceased to exist here. This was a shame, as it is the church of the Sacred Heart, the pastor is a zealous man, and the people good-living Catholics. Nobody seemed to understand the League and its workings; so we began operations from the very start, and when the people had grasped the simplicity of the League and the immense advantages to be derived from it, they were eager to be enrolled under the mighty standard. Promoters came forward in plenty, and before we left a vigorous Apostleship had arisen from the smouldering embers.

Again we had the Holy Hour on Saturday evening, and there were more present than at any service during the mission. Perhaps the great storm of the night before had something to do with it.

MARKDALE, ONTARIO, *St. Joseph's, June 10–17.* We were telescoping missions all this time, and again the advance and rear guard were obliged to lose sight of each other, Markdale being a long distance from the field of operations of the past week.

The journey from Paris to Markdale is by a circuitous route, requiring a whole day for its completion, with several changes of cars on the way. Early in the morning, Saturday June 9, I left "the most beautiful town in Canada" and started on my long journey, Father Stanton remaining behind to close the mission. Stopping between trains at Hamilton, I called to see our good friends at the Cathedral; then along the shore of beautiful Lake Ontario on the C. P. R., I arrived at Toronto in the late afternoon. The ride from here to Markdale is through a charming country; beautiful farms, trim fences and substantial houses giving evidence of thrift and prosperity.

At Cardwell Junction a steep incline begins, requiring the addition of another locomotive, and away they went puffing laboriously over winding grades. But it was slow travelling; we were behind our schedule time, and at this rate I would not arrive at my destination till morning. Stops, delays, backing, side-tracking became so frequent that some of the passengers wanted to know if this was a railroad train or a canal boat. Most of them were good-natured and seemed to enjoy the situation. After a while matters seemed to be adjusted and we flew through the night making up for lost time and and arrived at our destination at 10.40, having consumed five hours in travelling 93 miles.

Markdale is a very bigoted place. It is a great Orange settlement, and the Grand Master of all the Orangemen in Canada is a near neighbor of the pastor of the Catholic Church. The town has 1500 inhabitants, with only nineteen Catholics; the congregation is made up of farmers, many of whom live at a distance of twelve miles from the church. The pastor here has three outlying missions under his care, eight, ten and seventeen miles away. He told me some thrilling tales of the hardships endured in his long drives during the bitter Canadian winters when the snow is five and six feet deep. One of the former pastors of the place had lost his life during a terrific snow storm while on a sick call several miles from home.

But how different the scene now! In our present circumstances it was hard to imagine the bleak desolation

of winter which priests must face in this northern land. Markdale is not many miles from Georgian Bay, with an altitude, I believe, among the highest in Ontario. We were now in the midst of a beautiful Canadian spring, with a magnificent rolling country around us and a climate as invigorating as any I have experienced.

Of course there was no question of five o'clock Mass during the mission in a place like this; and so we agreed on the unusual hour of ten o'clock. But what about the evening services—instruction on the Sacraments, sermon and Benediction? Should we ask those people to make two trips a day? It would mean for some of them forty-eight miles of driving. Here was a problem. At first it was proposed to bunch the services—Mass, instruction, a short rest, and then the regular mission exercises. After long deliberation we finally decided on the following plan, being assured that it would be most acceptable to the people: Mass at 10 o'clock; Evening services at 7.30.

Dr. Walter, the pastor, drove to one of the outlying missions to say Mass on Sunday and left me *locum tenens* in Markdale. At the only Mass 10.30, I announced the program, and I must say that it was with some misgiving. Then I anxiously looked forward to the evening for the opening exercise of the mission. At an early hour teams of all descriptions came rolling in, and at half-past seven there was a fine congregation in the church. This was gratifying, but not a convincing argument of success. The final test was to be seen on the morrow when these people would have to decide between their ordinary week-day duties and the mission. The mission prevailed, for the two services on Monday were well attended by these good Canadian farmers and their families. And it was the same every day during the mission, no diminution in numbers at any of the services.

Of course this meant that farm work was practically suspended for a whole week, there being only time for the ordinary household duties and attending to the cattle. Here was indeed a manifestation of faith and the spirit of self-sacrifice in abundance. Many times since then I have made use of the Markdale episode in exhorting people to come to the mission. It is an heroic example and makes a fine topic.

Father Stanton came Monday night at ten o'clock having made a journey similar to mine of Saturday.

Long before we arrived in Markdale there was great anxiety to see and hear Yankees from New York. No

Jesuit had ever been in the town before and we were an object of curiosity to the natives for several days. Many Protestants came to the evening services. Even the editor of the local paper came, and we received a flattering notice in his journal.

Next door to the Catholic Church is the English Church and directly opposite is the Methodist chapel. The people of Markdale have christened the place "Piety Hill." The pastor of the English church had announced that he would hold services every night while our mission was going on. I was told that his audiences were very small and this embittered him. The Catholic mission was the attraction of Markdale that week.

GLENELG, ONTARIO, *St. Joseph's June 17–21.* This was to be our last mission in Canada. Glenelg is eight miles from Markdale. It is a settlement of Scotch Highlanders, mostly Catholic. The people are sober, industrious, prosperous farmers leading the simple life, utterly unconcerned about the outside world. The nearest post-office is eight miles away; there are no saloons, and only one school, and that a "separate school" taught by an excellent Catholic widow whose five children are numbered among the pupils.

Father Stanton drove over there Sunday morning for Mass, returning in time for the closing of the mission in Markdale, and I went to Glenelg for the formal opening of the mission in that place. While there I stopped with one of the farmers, a Mr. Mac Vicker by name. I was surprised at the beauty of his home—a large fine brick house on an eminence overlooking a wide stretch of beautiful country. At the foot of the hillside flows the Sangeen river once famous for trout fishing. The pastor makes this house his headquarters whenever he goes to Glenelg. There are two rooms always reserved for his use, which no one occupies in his absence. The family deem it a privilege to have the priest in their house and his apartments are looked on as sacred. Here then was to be my home during the mission, and a most edifying and interesting time it was for me. The simplicity of these people and their reverence for the priest is remarkable in this advanced age of ours.

The hours for services here were the same as at Markdale. Mass at 10 P. M., Evening service at 7.30. It was a matter of wonder to see why the priest did not reside here for the congregation is larger than that at

Markdale, and they were all there Sunday night for the opening of the mission.

I was told that one of the men of the parish generally said the beads at services here. This was grateful news to me, as I was alone and had plenty of talking to do that night. He was a kind of utility man about the church, singing in the choir (he was the whole choir), ringing the bell, and attending to the sacristy and altar. And so he began the beads, saying them fervently and even eloquently. But before long I regretted not having entered into an agreement as the time limit; for there was a *ferverino* on the mystery before each decade, then the Litany followed by many long prayers, and when he ended a half hour had gone by. This was all very edifying but it was not mission work. These people had a long evening before them, with instruction, sermon and Benediction; and as many of them had come twelve miles, I wanted to end as early as possible in order to allow them to reach home before morning at least. The good man was not asked to say the beads again during the mission.

In many respects this was the most consoling mission I had seen. The faith displayed by these farmers was marvellous and their fervor very edifying. They seemed to think that the missioners could work miracles. Many of the sick were brought to us for a blessing. One poor mother brought a feeble-minded son. "Place your consecrated hands on my boy," she said, "I know you can make him right."

On the second day of the mission a terrific rain storm came in and the roads were in a horrible condition in consequence. But there was not the slightest falling off in the attendance. "O, we don't mind a little rain," some said to me, "it will do us good. It would take a bigger storm than this to make us miss the mission."

Not all could afford teams. I knew of some who walked six miles, and they did not miss a single exercise of the mission.

There was a "Barn-Raising" some miles away during one of the afternoons of the mission. All the country side is supposed to attend such a function and help in the work—the men building the barn and the women cooking. Any one who does not put in an appearance on such occasions loses caste in the whole community, and no one is supposed to leave until the barn is erected. I mention this because of course the whole congregation had gone there, and I was told that very likely they

could not get back in time for the evening exercises. But they were there. It seems that matters were expedited because of the mission.

Father Stanton came out on Monday and gave the sermon on sin. He left the same evening and went to Guelph for his retreat. I began to hear confessions on Sunday night; for as the mission was to close Wednesday night, all must be heard before the close of Mass Wednesday morning. This was unusual, but necessitated by circumstances; for the hearing of between four and five hundred confessions in two days and a half is rapid work. A large number came for confession Sunday, and were apparently willing to remain far into the night; but, knowing the long journey before them, I heard till ten o'clock and sent the rest home and announced that I would be ready to receive them in the morning. And early in the morning they came; confessions as long as possible, then Mass, sermon and the regular blessings; afterwards the confessions till twelve o'clock of those who were fasting, then Communion.

This was the story of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday morning. Think of the long drive of those good people—some living twelve miles away—the fast for more than twelve hours, the ride home for breakfast, then returning again for the regular mission service in the evening. How consoling to labor for such heroic souls! and what a memory to cherish!

The closing of this mission was an extraordinary manifestation. Some had been obliged to remain at home during the other services; but on Wednesday night the houses were locked and every individual came to receive the Papal Blessing. When all was over most of the congregation came to bid me a personal good-by. It was, "God bless you, Father!" "We have made a good mission, and it will be long remembered by the people of Glenelg."

Thus ended our missions in Canada, just two months from the beginning. Next day I left for home with my mind filled with pleasing memories of that northern land.

Yours in Xt.,
WM. H. COYLE, S. J.

COUNT CREIGHTON'S PRINCELY GIFT

TO CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY

On Monday, October 15th Count John A. Creighton of Omaha, Nebraska, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by increasing the endowment of Creighton University. On the afternoon of that day, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives and the Reverend Rector and faculty of the University, Count Creighton handed over to Rev. Father M. P. Dowling the deed of two pieces of city property aggregating in value the sum of $400,000.

The important ceremony was very simple. The Rev. M. J. O'Connor, S. J. Vice-president of Creighton University, opened the proceedings by a short but happy speech of felicitation.

Count John A. Creighton responded to the address in the following words:—

"Gentlemen: It was always the wish of my dear departed brother, Edward, to build up in this western country a free educational institution that would prove a veritable boon for the youth of Omaha and its vicinity. Though he left means to begin the work, these means in the rapid growth and development of the institution, were found inadequate. It was his one desire, the hope, aim and ambition of his life to build up such a free institution. His wish was mine. To make that flourishing center of moral and mental development secure against any financial reverse that might threaten its welfare, if not its very existence, it was necessary to put it on a solid financial basis. During these later years this has been a subject of deep thought to me. With the means God has given me, I think I have co-operated faithfully with the project my dear brother had in mind. I have seconded his efforts to the best of my ability by putting the institution, which bears his name, on such a lasting basis, that it will without fear of financial embarrassment continue to develop the western youth into a vigorous and sturdy American manhood. For this reason and to show my appreciation of the work accomplished along these lines, I have chosen to-day—my 75th birthday—when I have passed considerably the scriptural three score years and ten, to accomplish with security during my lifetime the complete endowment needed by Creighton college, because I have always desired to be in great part my own executor. I hereby present to you, Father Dowling, as head of the institution the deeds for the

buildings recently erected by me on Jones street and on Howard street, as this was the purpose I had in view when building them."

Count Creighton then handed to Father Dowling the deed of the properties. In making the speech of acceptance Father Dowling said:—

"For many years it has been my privilege to be associated with Mr. Creighton in the upbuilding and development of Creighton university. We have both seen the college grow from an elementary school, started in a frontier town of 20,000 population, into a university that is no discredit to a metropolitan city. During all this time Mr. Creighton has taken a keen, fatherly interest in all the Creighton institutions, but his earliest and strongest affection has been lavished on the college founded by his brother. He has watched with solicitude and pride the growth of the John A. Creighton Medical college, the Creighton Memorial hospital, built in memory of his wife; the Poor Clare convent, the Edward Creighton Institute, which affords a home for dentistry, law and pharmacy; the Creighton university annex, which after to-day should be called St. John's hall; but his heart was most drawn to the parent of them all, Creighton college.

"Edward Creighton and his wife were of one mind in desiring to establish a free college, where those bereft of fortune, as well as the more favored could acquire without money and without price, a thorough and complete Christian education, such as would fit them to enter with honor any walk of life. In its infancy this college was sufficiently provided for by the endowment left by its founder; but as its work and importance grew it became evident to Mr. Creighton that it needed larger resources; and, therefore, for a number of years he has filled the gap by continual donations, without which it could not have lived. I am glad here publicly to make this acknowledgment of immense debt that Christian education owes to him. But this day and this hour have increased this debt, for he saw the need of providing for the extension and perpetuity of a work whose results have satisfied him. This is why he signalizes his seventy-fifth birthday, his diamond jubilee, by a princely gift whose magnitude will place the Creighton free college beyond the reach of uncertainty, and secure for it a bright future. I hold in my hand the deed for two pieces of property whose value approximates $400,000. These are given for the specific purpose of supporting and maintaining Creighton college as a free institution of learning for all time.

"I accept this gift from our co-founder on behalf of the board of trustees of Creighton university, in the name of the faculty and students and in the name of the unborn generations which will profit by this beacon light of knowledge erec-

ted and maintained by the munificence of the Creighton family. May this institution live, may it flourish, may it endure; and may the author of its prosperity long survive to see the fruition of his many benefactions and the fulfilment of his hopes, as well as to enjoy the reward of his charitable deeds for the uplifting of mankind."

The speech was heartily applauded. The Creighton University band, which was stationed on the colonial porch of Count Creighton's residence, then played two or three selections, which brought the simple but significant ceremony to a close. The generous donation caused much favorable comment in Omaha, and the Count has been highly praised in his own city for his practical interest in Catholic education.

Appended to the report of the proceedings the "Omaha Bee" printed the following interview with Count Creighton:—

"For some time I have been thinking of putting Creighton college on a financial basis. The work there by the Jesuits is expanding year by year. There is nearly double the number of professors at the college now that there was ten years ago, and a large body of devoted men cannot live on air or promises. These men are doing an immense work for the West and as they are willing to devote themselves to the good of others, I for one am pleased to be able to see they shall not want a decent sustenance. I feel that I could not give to a better cause than to education of the youth of the West.

"I have every confidence in Father Dowling and his staff of professors that the revenue from the present gift will be beneficially used for the young men of the West, for whom they are devoting their lives and labors. Men who work without any kind of salary make me wish that I might give them double the amount.

"I have one child, and that is Creighton University; and I think that since the early 80's, when it was founded by my brother, Edward, and his wife, it has grown into pretty lusty manhood. I believe the college, under the present management, has a magnificent career before it. I take the keenest interest in it, and I know that in scholarship it is as good as any of the Catholic colleges in the land. Young men who have passed through that institution are beginning to make their mark and make their influence felt wherever they are.

"It has always been my ambition, as it was my brother's, to afford a free education to all young men who were deserving of it and unable to pay for it. At Creighton college a boy

may get his education without its costing him a cent except for books, and these will be supplied if he cannot afford them. All I expect is that the boys who go there will turn out to be gentlemen and good-living Catholics. I know for certain that if they take advantage of the opportunities offered them there they will be good men."

The "True Voice," the Catholic organ of the Omaha diocese, and the "World Herald," an Omaha daily paper, in their editorials paid a deserved tribute to the Count.

The endowment consists of two large business blocks, the last two Count Creighton has built, one the building on Ninth and Howard streets, and the other the warehouse on Jones street, between Tenth and Eleventh, The former is eight stories and basement in height and covers ground 132 feet square. The site cost $40,000 and the building and site are worth nearly $250,000. The Deere building is 66 x 132 feet and six stories in height. These two builings were erected under long time leases. They will bring the university something over $2,000 in monthly rentals.

J. E. Copus, s. j.

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY AND THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

A Letter from the Rector of Creighton University

Omaha, *Oct. 19th, 1906.*

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

On occasion of the celebration and donation described in Father Copus' article, I think it opportune, as a matter of history, to explain the status of the Society of Jesus in Omaha, because many of Ours seem to be under a false impression with regard to our relation to Creighton College. They seem to think, because the original foundation came to us in the form of a trust fund and our title was derived through the Bishop of the diocese, that we have no fixity of tenure, that we are merely tenants at will and that our possession can at any time be disturbed or questioned. Nothing could be further from the truth. As will be seen from the documents to which I shall refer, our undisturbed possession of the

original grant was made as firm and lasting and unassailable as it was possible for Bishop O'Connor, aided by a decree of Court, to make it; and of course any property since acquired without condition is held by the Creighton University, that is by the Society of Jesus, without being affected by the conditions of the original endowment.

It must be borne in mind that at the time the bequest was made and when it was put into execution, there was no one to whom the money could be given; for Bishop O'Gorman had died, his successor was not appointed for more than two years; and there was in the diocese no religious order of men, to whom the obligation could be entrusted. The testator did the best that was possible under the circumstances by establishing a trust, to be vested in the future Bishop.

The history of the institution may be briefly stated. Edward Creighton, after whom the College was named, had proposed during his life to establish a *free* school for higher education, but he died intestate, Nov. 5th, 1874, before making provision for carrying out his project. His wife, Mary Lucretia Creighton, inheriting both his fortune and his noble purpose, determined to carry out his intention; she did not, however, live to do so. Her death occurred Jan. 23d, 1876; but in her last will, dated Sept. 23d, 1875, she made a bequest, which, in the settlement of the estate, amounted to about $200,000, one fourth of which was devoted to grounds and building, the balance being reserved for foundation. In accordance with the terms of her will, the executors, July 1, 1878. conveyed the entire property and securities to the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, who was a lifelong friend and admirer of the Society of Jesus, and a brother of Bishop Michael O'Connor, of Pittsburg, who became a Jesuit, and is buried at Woodstock College.

On February 27th, 1879, the Legislature passed an act, framed, no doubt, according to our wishes, to provide for the incorporation of universities under certain circumstances. Among other things that act provided that the Board of Trustees shall have power to fill all vacancies in their number, to make rules, regulations and by-laws for the government of their Board and of the institution; to appoint a president, professors, tutors and teachers, and any other necessary officers and agents, and fix the compensation of each; to erect within and,

as departments of said institution, such schools and colleges of the arts and sciences and professions as to them may seem proper, and to confer such academic degrees and honors as are conferred by colleges and universities of the United States.

Thereupon Bishop O'Connor, on July 26th, 1879, informed the District Court that he holds certain lands conveyed to him by the executors for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the testator, that a building has been erected on these grounds, that he holds funds for the endowment of the school, that for the past year he has caused to be maintained an institution under the name of Creighton College, that he desires to vest the lands, securities and property, as well as the trust, in a corporation known as a University, with divers departments, of which Creighton College shall be one. The Court permitted him to turn over his trust to a corporation called Creighton University and he appointed five members of the Society of Jesus as the Board of Trustees, August 14th, 1879. Creighton College, as such was not incorporated, and the name merely represented what was left in trust by Mrs. Creighton.

In his petition to the Court, Bishop O'Connor stated that when Mrs. Creighton made her will there was no bishop of Omaha, and no one competent to undertake the establishment of an institution such as she contemplated; that the executors had conveyed to him all the properties bequeathed by her. The necessity of this transfer is set forth in such a masterly manner that I think your readers will be glad to see the document as drawn up for the Bishop by his and our attorney, Hon. James Woolworth, who though Chancellor of the Episcopalian diocese of Nebraska, was always a warm friend and wise counsellor of Creighton University.

"The jurisdiction wherein the city of Omaha is situated is of vast extent, including within it not only the State of Nebraska, but also the territories of Montana and Wyoming. It contains a large number of chapels, churches and parishes, the most of which are not able to defray their own expenses, the supervision and particular care of which depend very largely on your petitioner. In the exercise of his office he is obliged to travel throughout the whole extent of his jurisdiction from time to time and visit parts thereof frequently. The institutions of education and charity in this jurisdiction are in their infancy and are becoming numerous,

and require much attention from your petitioner. The legitimate duties of the episcopal office are exceedingly onerous and absorb the utmost energies and attention of the incumbent whoever he may be; and this is more especially true of such a jurisdiction as that over which your petitioner presides. For these reasons, it is not possible for your petitioner to give to an institution of learning such as was contemplated by the testatrix the care and attention it needs at the hands of one charged therewith. Nor is it at all probable that any successor of your petitioner in the said office will be able to give to the said institution the necessary care and attention to secure its successful administration. It also happens that changes in the office of bishop of such jurisdiction as your petitioner's are not infrequent and such changes are necessarily accompanied with differences of opinion as to the policy of such an institution. Wherefore the custom is nearly universal of entrusting the goverment and administration of such institutions to corporations which have perpetual succession, and therefore, a settled, consistent and continuous policy, unaffected by the incidental changes in the officers thereof. It is also likely to happen between the vacancy of said office and the refilling thereof, a considerable period of time will elapse and during such vacancy there can necessarily be no person to hold and discharge the said trust, save by the appointment of this court. During such periods of vacancy, which may extend to a period of two or three years, many difficulties and complications are likely to arise in the care of such property and the administration of the said trust and the collection and disbursement of said trust funds, which difficulties and complications, it is easy to foresee, may endanger the institution and must certainly impair its usefulness and efficiency."

The Bishop went on to say that he was well aware of the difficulties, to avoid which he made an agreement (presented as Exhibit B) with Rev. Thos. O'Neil and others; but being advised by Counsel that he could not make such agreement without approval of the court, he now tenders his resignation, in order to accomplish more effectually the object of that document. He added that there is a certain corporation called Creighton University, organized according to the laws of Nebraska, the trustees of this University are the same persons with whom he made the agreement already referred to; that they are men of long experience and great learning, pe-

culiarly fitted to discharge this trust, which they are willing to accept; that they and their successors are certain to be members of the Church under whose supervision Mrs. Creighton wished the College to be placed; and that her purpose will be fully gained by substituting them for himself as trustees.

The Court accepted his resignation, approving of his reasons therefor and his statement of facts, and transferred the trust to Thos. O'Neil, the provincial, and other Jesuits, under the name of Creighton University. In doing this the Court said that it approved the Bishop's administration in all respects and as soon as he executed the necessary deeds, "*he shall be wholly released, as fully and completely as if he had never accepted the charge, and his successors in the office of the bishop of Omaha shall forever be excluded from the trust, as if it had never in any way been reposed in the incumbent of that office.*" It hardly seems possible for the Bishop and the Court to have handed over the trust more completely to our care. To protect the trust the Court decreed that we should once a year file with the Bishop, and keep on file in the office of the President, a report of the transactions of the University with regard to these funds. This obligation has never been burdensome, inasmuch as we are simply required to say how the money is at present invested and how much has been spent for current college expenses during the year. It is expressly stated that we need not go into details of the expenditures, which are made solely at the discretion of the University, the only requirement being that this particular fund shall be applied to the support of Creighton College, or the classical department of the University. The position of Creighton University, relative to Creighton College, its properties and securities, is therefore, that of perpetual trustee.

Before applying to the Court for discharge, the Bishop, as he states in his petition, had entered into a private agreement or contract with Father O'Neil, thinking that all sufficient. This contract, which is called above "Exhibit B," was found to be *ultra vires* and ineffective, at least as far as the transfer of the trust was concerned. There was a clause in that contract granting us a lease for ninety-nine (99) years, at the expiration of which time we had the absolute right of renewing the contract for another 99 years, under the same conditions; *and so on forever.* Those who judged that our tenure was dependent on that original instrument, and who did not know

that it had been superseded by a decree of Court making us perpetual trustees, thought erroneously that Ours possessed nothing but a leasehold, whereas we have a valid perpetual possession against which no one can intervene except the State of Nebraska, and it only to oblige us to carry out the conditions of the trust, in case we should fail in our plain duty. But even these easy conditions attach only to the original bequest of Mrs. Creighton.

On the occasion of our silver jubilee in 1903, a book called the "Reminiscences of Creighton University" was printed. It gives more or less of the history of the University up to that time. It is already somewhat out of date, because we have since established departments of Law, Dentistry and Pharmacy, erected the Creighton institute opposite the City Hall to house them, put up other college buildings, received donations of two wholesale and two retail blocks of large value, besides several valuable city lots; in fact have been able to make great advances in a short time, all in consequence of the extraordinary generosity of Mr. Creighton, who has made up his mind to spend in the city and state where he made it, and on the institutions he established whatever he intends to give away. We have still on hand some copies of the "Reminiscences of Creighton University," which we will be glad to give, free of charge, as long as they last, to any of our houses or members of the Society, in any part of the world. I think that any publicity possible among Ours is due to Mr. Creighton, especially as Ours learning of his liberality, may be disposed to pray often for so generous a benefactor, who has been granted the honors of a founder.

Your Servant in Christ,
M. P. DOWLING, S. J.

A MISSION TO THE BOYS OF THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY

KEYSER ISLAND,
SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.,
Dec. 30, 1906.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

When I was notified by Father Himmel that I was booked to give a Retreat to 1800 boys of the Catholic Protectory, Dec. 16–23, I had no idea what pleasure was in store for me. At the time, I was one of three giving a mission at St. Bridget's, Falls of Schuylkill, Pennsylvania, and I was obliged to leave before the mission ended. I arrived at the Protectory, Sunday at 7.15 P. M. The Brother who met me at the door informed me that Father Stanton had opened the Retreat in the morning and that he was now in the chapel, addressing the boys. As I was anxious to hear Father Stanton, and to see the boys, the Brother showed me to the chapel.

It was an inspiring sight to behold 1800 boys paying marked attention to Father Stanton, who was telling them a story about the soldier boy who disobeyed orders on the Flagship of Admiral Dewey, in the harbor of Manila. After Benediction, the boys left the chapel with determination stamped upon their faces to make a good retreat.

Next morning, I said Mass for the boys, and preached on the first Commandment. After breakfast, Brother Henry, the Superior, Father Stanton and I visited the different shops, where the boys are employed learning useful trades,—printing, book-binding, plumbing, carpentry, harness-making and other industries. The various specimens of the work done in these departments have frequently elicited words of praise from visitors to the institution.

The boys manifested pleasure at seeing us, especially the ones in the room where they make brushes. Brother Henry informed us that these boys have been committed as truants from school. They are bright lads and are kept separate from the delinquents and those who are called destitutes. There are five divisions in the Protectory—and each division has its own yard and prefects, refectory, dormitory and class-rooms. The chapel

is the only place where they all assemble, but even here they are not allowed to mix together.

The first division is composed of boys from fourteen years of age to sixteen. They are all delinquents or destitute cases. They are known as St. Patrick's boys.

The second division is for boys from twelve to fourteen. They likewise are delinquents and destitute cases. St. Joseph is their Patron. The third division, under the protection of St. Aloysius, is made up of truants from the age of twelve to sixteen. The great majority of these boys have good homes, but they are rather unmanageable, and in some cases they have been committed by their parents, and are taken away as soon as they know how to keep within the traces. The boys of the fourth division are about the same age as those in St. Aloysius yard, but they are not so bright, and some of them are delinquents or destitute cases. They are called boys of the Sacred Heart. The fifth division is known as the Infant Jesus, and comprises the 'tots,' young in years, but old otherwise.

Brother Henry informed us that about two-thirds of the eighteen hundred boys turn out well. This you will admit is very good, when you consider that many of the newcomers are ignorant of elementary moral and religious truths, unable to read or write, showing a strong disinclination for study, or for acquiring the moral discipline requisite to bring about their betterment.

The boys are taught several hours every day the elementary branches—reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, composition, history and geography. I had excellent proof of their knowledge of history and geography, for in the course of sermons and instructions, I would sometimes appeal to them, to tell me who was Benedict Arnold, Henry VIII, or where is Palestine, Rome, or Mexico, and there would be invariably correct answers from a number of boys. It is needless to say that both Father Stanton and I were delighted with our visit to the different shops.

Father Stanton left at 11 A. M. for Keyser Island, and Father W. Coyle, came to help out. We divided the work. One night, he preached the sermon and I gave the instruction; and the next night, I preached and he gave the instruction. Every morning, I said Mass at 6.15, and preached on the Commandments. And at eleven o'clock, Father Coyle spoke to the small boys on the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. On Wednesday and Thursday we heard the confessions of

all the boys. The Fathers who helped us to hear confessions came from St, Ignatius Church and St. John's College, Fordham. They were Frs. Geo. E. Quin, P. H. Casey, Chiappi, Fargis, Krim, Emerick, Tondorf and Regan.

Last year, two Redemptorists gave the Retreat to the boys, and the Brother told me that fifteen came one day, to hear the confessions—but, he said, he preferred our arrangement, as there was not such a great crowd going the following day, and thus causing too much delay; besides, it was an object lesson to some of the older boys to see the younger ones approaching the Holy Table with every mark of reverence and devotion. Those who went to Holy Communion Thursday, belonged to the Divisions of St. Aloysius, Sacred Heart and the Infant Jesus. They were all neatly dressed. The Aloysius lads wore uniforms; the Sacred Heart boys, white collars and red bows; and the boys of the Infant Jesus, white collars and blue-bows.

The next morning, the boys of the other two divisions—St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's—received Holy Communion. They did not present such a lovely sight to the eye of man, but no doubt they did, to the eye of God. The poor fellows looked as if they had received many a toss and tumble in the world, but they had still clung to the faith; and indeed, they showed proofs of piety. Several of the Brothers told me that these boys were the most affected by the Retreat.

Indeed, whenever I passed through their yard, as I had to do when going to and from the chapel, they used to run after me and ask me to pray for them, or bless a medal or a pair of beads. Two of the boys of St. Patrick's division at the close of the Retreat, presented me with a magnificent volume of the sermons and instructions given by the three Fathers. It was their own work, and cleverly done, and showed better than words, what strict attention they had paid. Of course, they remembered best the stories. Some had made a lasting impression on them, for they had written them out very fully.

Saturday night we had the Devotion of the Holy Hour, and it was better than any sermon we could have preached to show the mercy and love of God, and the boys fully appreciated it. Here is the order of the Exercises for the Holy Hour, as I conducted it:—

1. A few words explanatory of the Devotion.
2. Exposition—"O Salutaris Hostia."

3. Considerations on the Prayer and Agony in the Garden.
4. Hymn—"Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore."
5. Acts of Faith and of Thanksgiving.
6. Hymn.
7. Act of Petition. Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus.
8. Hymn—"To Jesus' Heart all-burning.
9. Considerations on the Prayer and Agony in the Garden.
10. Act of Reparation.
11. 'Tantum Ergo'—Benediction—Blessed be God, etc.
12. The Rosary, Laudate Dominum.

I found the prayers and considerations in a little book entitled, "Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle," by F. X. Lasance. You will be surprised to know that the boys knelt the whole time, even during the Considerations.

Sunday night, at seven o'clock, the crowning of the Retreat took place. While the boys were entering the chapel the organist played a Processional from Lohengrin. When all were seated, the sweet strains of a violin fell upon the ear, and dispelled all worldly thoughts. As the last notes were dying away, I went to the altar and knelt, while the boys sang a few words of the "Veni Creator." Then followed the sermon on Perseverance and the renewal of the Baptismal promises.

Before making the promises, the boys knelt and repeated with me the Acts of Faith, Hope and Love. Then rising, they said aloud and in perfect unison:—

"Almighty and eternal God! Thou knowest all things: Thou seest the very bottom of my heart, and Thou knowest that, however sinful I have hitherto been, I am resolved with the help of Thy grace, to love and serve Thee for the remainder of my life. And therefore, O my God, I renew with all the sincerity of my soul, the promises and vows made for me in Baptism. I renounce Satan with my whole heart, and will henceforth have no connection with him. I renounce all the pomps of Satan, that is all the vanities of the world, the false treasures of its riches, honors and pleasures, and all its corrupt teachings. I renounce all the works of Satan, that is, all kinds of sin."

At the conclusion I said to them, "God bless you!" and some of the youngsters thinking it was a part of the formula, repeated, "God bless you!"

After the Baptismal Promises, a hymn to the Sacred Heart was sung. At this time, on the missions, the collection is usually taken up, but we dispensed with this important feature, for once, and I gave them the Papal Blessing. Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—the blessing of articles of piety, and the investing of the scapular.

Some days after all was over one of the boys wrote, "The mission, has been a most successful one. Its effects are seen everywhere,—boys chiding one another for using bad language, others giving a nod of the head to show that they are keeping silence. In the dormitories, the prayers are said more fervently and at Mass better attention is paid. It can easily be seen the work of the missionaries is not in vain. The boys are very sorry to have the priests leave us, and from that you can judge how they won our hearts. The new boys had vague ideas of what the mission was to be. The only mission they knew of was where the priest gets up in pulpit and hollers at them till he gets black in the face. They met with a pleasant surprise, however, when the kind Fathers began to speak. It is hoped that Fathers Stanton, Howle and Coyle will come to see us again in the near future."

Dear Father, this is what a lad of fifteen wrote in his collection of notes on the Retreat. He belongs to the class of delinquents, at the Protectory, but let us hope that his name is written in the Register above, as a true convert.

Servus in Christo,
FRANCIS DE S. HOWLE, S. J.

THE FORECAST OF THE LATE HURRICANE

BY THE BELÉN OBSERVATORY

A Letter from Mr. John Buckley, S. J.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS,
Dec. 4, 1906.

The press of the United States was loud in its praises of the observatory in Havana for the work it did in forecasting with such admirable precision the storms of September and October which wrought so much havoc in Mobile and Cuba. From all parts of the States were sent letters asking for pictures of the observatory and its director, Father Gangoiti, who has the well merited reputation of being the greatest living authority on West Indian hurricanes.

Father Drum's article entitled "The Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes," which was published in "The Messenger" and afterwards appeared in pamphlet form, caused such a commotion in the Weather Bureau at Washington, that its chief, Mr. Moore, closed the U. S. Weather Bureau at Havana and requested Father Gangoiti of Belén to cable daily to Washington during the hurricane season at his expense. Since then, Father Gangoiti sends a despatch every day, and many times a day if anything occurs out of the ordinary run. It is needless to remark that he receives no salary for this service.

The following are a few of the many cablegrams sent to Washington during the September cyclone of this year.

"September 22nd, 2.00 P. M., Cyclone developing south of Grand Carimán, will move probably through Channel of Yucatan." Gangoiti.

"September 23rd, 7 A. M. Cyclone increasing, approaching Yucatan Channel." Gangoiti.

"September 23rd. Noon. Storm centre is passing through Yucatan Channel to central gulf." Gangoiti.

---

(1) Mr. Buckley, who is now studying theology at St. Louis, spent several years in Cuba, teaching as a scholastic in our colleges, and thus knows well the work of Belén observatory.—*Editor W. L.*

"September 24th. 7 A. M. Cyclone West by Southwest Havana, distant about 200 miles, moving probably central gulf." Gangoiti.

The following notice was sent to the Havana newspapers.

"Belén College Observatory, Sept. 25th, 1906, 2 P. M. This morning at seven o'clock we located the vortex of the cyclone at N. W.¼W, about 300 miles distant, moving off and getting ready to curve. We have notified Washington of this more than once. Judging from the changes observed in the meteorological elements during the past few hours it is our opinion that the storm centre will enter the United States at New Orleans or its vicinity within thirty hours." L. Gangoiti, S. J.

In the storm to which these despatches refer our readers can easily recognize the tropical hurricane which on September 27th swept down on Mobile and did considerable damage to Spring Hill College. No comment is necessary. The cablegrams speak for themselves and show with what a masterly hand Father Gangoiti located and followed up the September cyclone which did such damage in the Southern States.

His forecasts of the October hurricane are not less accurate. The warnings sent to Camp Columbia where the United States troops were encamped probably saved many lives. "The storm will be on you in an hour," telephoned Father Gangoiti. The troops sought shelter in the barracks which weathered the storm; their tents, which had been vacated as soon as the message from Belén Observatory was received, were torn to tatters and scattered to the four winds of heaven. The U. S. battleships in Havana waters were also warned of the approach of the storm. All escaped; the Brooklyn was driven across the harbor to Regla, an unimportant suburb of Havana, but received no injuries.

The following despatches sent to the Weather Bureau of Washington prove that Father Gangoiti made a very accurate diagnosis of the storm.

"October 16th, 11 A. M. Last Friday disturbance South Barbada is now South Havana, about 500 miles distant." Gangoiti.

"October 17th, 6 A. M. "Cyclone Southwest, approaching Western Cuba, will probably move towards Florida Channel." Gangoiti.

"October 17th, 3 P. M. "Cyclone centre near Havana province, increasing much, will move northwards rapidly." Gangoiti.

"October 18th, 7.30 A. M. Yesterday at 11.30 P. M. most severe cyclone vortex passed very near but east of Havana; is moving northeast." Gangoiti.

To give a more adequate idea of the part played by Belén College Observatory in forecasting the October cyclone we translate from a Havana newspaper an article written by Father Sarasola giving the history of the storm. Father Sarasola is well known to many of Ours, having made some of his studies at Woodstock. He also spent two weeks at St. Louis University at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition. As a scholastic he spent six years at Havana, devoting most of his time in helping Father Gangoiti in the work of the observatory. After expatiating at some length on the kindness of the Havana press to the observatory, and on the debt of gratitude due to those who in anyway assisted Father Gangoiti during the storm, Father Sarasola thus continues:

"Calm and serene dawned the 16th; apparently there was nothing uncommon in the N. E. wind; and if we except the tendency of the barometer to fall gradually, there were scarcely any indications of a hurricane to the S. S. W. of Havana. But such was not the case. Those fine cirrus of clear and well-defined form, which fan-like extended across the firmament, arranged in bands like the arms of an aerial sea that bore on its bosom the currents driven forward by the storm; that converging focus of magnificent splendor which lasted so long; that steadiness in the direction of the filaments; that arc of the cirrus growing denser and denser, and almost stationary during the whole of the 16th; the convergence not only of the highest clouds but even of the high and low cumulus; that halo which like a crown of glory surrounded the sun during the entire day; in a word, all those currents and phenomena which we observed and noted down with the greatest care and scrupulosity, like one engaged in following the evolutions of an enemy that lay treacherously concealed in the gentle breeze and mildness of the weather, caused us seriously to fear on the morning of the 16th that a cyclone was preparing to curve and pass over the island.

"On that morning Father Gangoiti warned the Cuban people and sent the following despatch to Washington:

"'In all probability it is getting ready to curve to the N. E. of the Gulf of Honduras. In that case it will pass through the Island.' At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th, he sent out another warning as the

cyclone showed no indications of breaking up. 'The cyclones at this time of the year,' he wrote, "cross the western provinces of the island in the second branch of their parabola; as they curve near the island and are generally of great intensity, they may not leave time to notify the public.'

"At daybreak on the 17th we watched the Havana sky with great anxiety. It was evident that the enemy was advancing. At 6 A. M. the following cablegram was sent to Washington, Key West and Mexico. 'The cyclone at the S. S. W. is approaching the western part of Cuba; in all probability it will head for the Straits of Florida.' The indications of its approach appeared in the notes sent to the press at 10 A. M.; and at 3 P. M., when Santiago de Cuba and Cienfuegos were warned by cable, the following despatch was sent to Washington: 'The storm centre is close to the province of Havana; it is of great intensity and will move rapidly to the north.'

"A supplement was quickly sent to the newspapers, stating that the hurricane would pass through the Capital or its vicinity during the night. Numerous were the consultations of that day; several ships were detained in the harbor; and the Chief of police on seeking for information was told that all possible precautions should be taken. The "Ultima Hora" was widely circulated through the city.

APPROACH OF THE HURRICANE

"On the morning of the 17th the sun's rays did not vibrate with their accustomed splendor; the clouds gradually shut off the light. The crimson color of yesterday's sunset, the reddish tints of the cumulus on the morning of the 17th, the leaden aspect of the sky, the convergent clouds were a sad presage of the enemy's advance. About 10 A. M. the bar of the hurricane loomed up majestic and imposing amid the banks of clouds which mountain-like narrowed the limits of the horizon. But it was visible only for a short time. The light stratus, as if wishing to avert our gaze from so gloomy an omen and a spectacle so terrifying, passed swiftly before the bar and interposed themselves between it and the observer, thus effectively preventing him from following its evolutions. The clouds continued to pile up at the South; the darkness kept on increasing; the mist was followed by showers, the wind waxed stronger every moment, the squalls swayed the branches of the

trees with an awful din; the increasing strength of the storm sounded like a warning voice announcing the fury of the hurricane which swept down on the city with terrorizing majesty amid the darkness of the night.

THE HURRICANE IN THE CITY

"The noise of the cyclone heard in Havana sounded like the voice of God speaking amid the roaring of the waves and the howling of the storm. Before the uninterrupted onslaught of the unchained elements, giant trees that had withstood the storms of a century fell torn from their roots in that gigantic struggle and in their fall seemed to point out the invisible hand that smote them. The frequency of the lightning flashes lent a more sinister aspect to the scene.

"From noon on the 17th until 9 A. M. on the 18th we took the observations of the barometer, the wind, etc., every half hour and sometimes every fifteen minutes. The lowest barometric indication occurred at 11.30 P. M. on the night of the 17th, it then registered 733.14 mm. The velocity of the wind about 30 metres a second, and between 11 and 12 it reached over 40 metres.

"About this time we noticed that the wind shifted a little to the N. N. E. and then to the N. This showed conclusively that the vortex was passing to the E. of Havana, but not far distant. From the N. it blew a gale, and the most notable fact about it was that the blasts were so frequent as to be practically uninterrupted. The wind fell little by little, though at times it blew fiercely from the N. N. W. The rain ceased at 11.30 and the barometer began to rise.

THE HURRICANE'S TRAJECTORY

"Where did the vortex pass? In this connection the observations taken at Güines by an old pupil of the college Señor Mariano Torrens are valuable. There the wind blew from E. to S., about 10 P. M. the storm was at its height. At 11 P. M. came the calm which lasted for an hour and a quarter without mist or rain. A little to the West of Güines, on the plantation "Merceditas," which belongs to a friend of Ours, Enrique Pascual, the calm lasted for two hours, and the wind veered about from E. to N. W. If with these facts we compare those sent us from Matanzas by Adolfo Posset and by the Captain of the Santanderino, Señor Egurrola, those of the intelligent observer of Jovellanos, Dr. Adalberto

González, and those of Señor J. A. Cardenas, we can easily conclude that the centre of the vortex passed from S. S. W. to N. E. through Melena del Sur where the calm lasted for two hours. It appears that the wind at the right side of the trajectory was not as violent as was expected. The reason for this is the fact that the axis of the cyclone inclined towards the fourth quadrant; this too accounts for the high wind observed in the plantation "Merceditas." In Havana, on the contrary, the wind was very strong notwithstanding the fact that we were on the left side of the hurricane.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA

"Besides the many flashes of lightning observed in the cyclone even close to its vortex, many noticed a brilliancy which at times lasted five or six seconds. Señor Posset of Matanzas describes it thus: "When the wind from the South reached its height between 12 and 2 o'clock, there appeared on the N. N. W. an illumination which at its base looked like the crater of a volcano, and spread out among the clouds in a fan-like manner. This unwonted splendor, which was entirely different from the flash, the summer sheet lightning and the bolt that crashes earthwards during the storms, at intervals of from 10 to 30 seconds lit up the northern side of the bay with a marked line of separation from W. to E., and it lasted at times for fully five seconds."

"How is this phenomenon to be explained? In our opinion it was a luminous display of electricity due in part to the friction of the aerial masses when in commotion. If to this is added the vacuum produced in the atmosphere by the cyclone, and if we bear in mind that electric discharges have the property of producing luminous effects in rarified gases, it can be easily understood that those illuminations were due to the great quantity of electricity and the rarified air.

"Such in brief is the history of the October cyclone. That there were heavy losses is to be lamented; but if they be compared with those of other years, we ought to be thankful to God for coming off so well. The characteristic note of this hurricane was the rapidity in all its phases"

S. SARASOLA, S. J.

Observatory of Belén College,
Havana, Oct. 24th, 1906.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS have more than once mentioned the name of Father Gangoiti. In August, 1893, he succeeded the eminent Father Benito C. Viñes whose discovery of the laws that rule the cyclone is one of the marvels of the modern meteorological world. His name is still in benediction among the Cubans. Some few years ago Señor Estrada Palma, ex-president of the Cuban Republic, after assisting at the commencement exercises of Belén College, paid a visit to the Observatory. Passing through the "Salón de los Capitanes"—the Captains' parlor—he was shown the magnificent paintings of some of our great scientists, among whom were Fathers Secchi, Perry, Faura, and Viñes. On beholding the emaciated features of Father Viñes, the President was visibly affected, and remarked to Father Rector that he had known and admired the man who for nearly a quarter of a century saved so many lives in Cuba.

During a magic-lantern entertainment given at Belén College some half a dozen years ago a picture of Father Viñes was projected on the screen. No sooner did it appear than the entire audience stood up to show their reverence for the celebrated meteorologist who devoted his life to the good of humanity, and of whom it may be said "pertransiit benefaciendo."

Father Drum remarked in his article already referred to, that Father Gangoiti "has kept up the high reputation established for the observatory by his renowned predecessor." This is no exaggeration. Not only have no cyclones of any importance appeared in the Antilles without being announced by him, but he has invariably been the first to discover them even though they were a thousand miles away. In 1899 he located and traced out on the map the path of the cyclone which devastated Porto Rico and well nigh sent the present Rectors of our colleges in Havana and Cienfuegos to a watery grave. His forecasts of the storm that destroyed Galveston are matters of history. About September 1st, 1900, Ours at Cienfuegos were somewhat surprised at receiving a telegram from Belén which said: "Send observations twice a day until further notice." Father Gangoiti had discovered an incipient cyclone in the Caribbean sea. A few days later he sent word to Cienfuegos stating that the storm had passed through Cuba near the province of Santa Clara, that it was not severe, but showed signs of curving, and of moving to the W. N. W., and of acquiring intensity. On September 5th, he announced that it was to the South of Florida;

on the 6th he located it on the Gulf to the W. S. W. of Tampa, stating that it would enter Texas to the West of New Orleans; on September 8th he sent out a report announcing that the storm had gathered terrific intensity and had reached the shores of Texas on that very day. In the meantime the U. S. Weather Bureau made the egregious blunder of stating that the storm on 5th was E. ¼ N. E. of Havana moving N. ¼ N. E. and would break up in the Atlantic. On September 8th as we know, Galveston was almost wiped from the map by the tidal wave and West Indian hurricane.

May 20th 1902 witnessed the change of flag in Cuba. The stars and stripes were hauled down by friendly hands, and the Cubans for the first time saw their colors unfurled over the government buildings. Cuba was free. A national observatory had to be established. Many, remembering the great work of Belén, wished to make it the official observatory of the Island. Father Gangoiti remarked to the writer that he did not think the Cuban government would ever agree, and that in fact if it ever took such a step, he would consider it a miracle of our Lady of Cobre (patroness of Cuba). The Cubans erected their own "Observatorio Nacional," and then began a series of interesting tilts with our observatory.

On August 11th 1903 Havana was thrown into a state of consternation by the orders sent from Washington that hurricane flags should be displayed in the city. The Jamaica storm, it was reported, was bearing down on the city. Schools were closed; doors were barricaded; the streets were deserted; navigation stopped. On the same day Father Gangoiti, who had been following up the storm from the Barbadoes, placed it to the west of Jamaica and said it would move towards the Gulf through Yucatan Channel. On the 12th he notified Mexico, Cienfuegos, and Pinar del Rio that there was no danger for Havana. Storm flags still floated from the semaphores. Father Gangoiti was not anxious to send information to the Havana press, since Belén observatory was no longer recognized by Cuba. The "Nacional" continued to blunder; the people awaited with bated breath for the coming of the storm. At last the mayor of the city sent his secretary to Belén for information. Father Gangoiti told him in the capacity of a private individual, that the storm would not pass through Havana. This news, however, leaked out; the "Nacional" relapsed into a dignified silence; shipping was resumed, and the people were restored to tranquillity.

Some time after, this same "Observatorio Nacional" accused Belén observatory of errors and blunders which it certainly did not commit. And Father Gangoiti in an able reply proved satisfactorily that his forecasts were far more correct than those of the Cuban meteorological office.

These facts show that Belén Observatory under the direction of Father Gangoiti is keeping up the reputation it acquired under Father Viñes. Father Gangoiti has seen most of the first class observatories of Europe and America and he has able assistants in Father Sarasola and Father Gutierrez. The latter spent one year at Georgetown and another at Florissant, Mo. Of late years he has been preparing the documents of the observatory for publication and is in charge of the observatory library. The Cuban people have the greatest reliance on the warnings issued by the humble meteorologist of Belén. No captain of a ship leaves Havana during the cyclone period before consulting Father Gangoiti. For such consultations there is a large room fitted up in the observatory, known as the "Salón de los Capitanes." Havana families, too, leaving for Europe or the States almost invariably consult him. We remember well how startled we were one night at the villa outside Havana some four or five years ago, when just as we were retiring to rest the noise of a carriage was heard in the distance. A gentleman was to sail for New York that very night. He called to Belén as usual, but on being told that Father Gangoiti was at the villa, procured a cab and drove over. The road was by no means a comfortable one. He merely asked Father Gangoiti whether it was safe to sail that night for New York, and, having received an affirmative reply, set sail without fear. Many other similar instances could be cited.

Servus in Christo,

JOHN BUCKLEY, S. J.

LETTERS OF BISHOP FENWICK, FATHER LACHAT AND FATHER KENNY

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE ARTICLES BY FATHER J. J. RYAN ON "OUR SCHOLASTICATE" [1]

The following letters from the archives of the Province, and some other information regarding some of Ours mentioned in the above articles may prove of interest to the readers of the LETTERS.

Father Benedict Fenwick was taken from the Society to be made the second bishop of Boston in 1825 and subsequently founded Holy Cross College.

Boston, June 19, 1846.

Reverend Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 15th instant came to hand the day before yesterday and the box of wine reached here yesterday morning, just as I was, with Bishop Fitzpatrick and Rev. M. Brasseur, setting out for the College [Holy Cross, Worcester]. I had not of course an opportunity of trying it. This I shall do in a few days, when, no doubt, it will fully answer expectation and realize all that fame has reported of it.

The College looks truly beautiful now; the fields around were never more enchanting, and the crops are quite promising. They tell me they have ninety-four boys, all good children; seventeen will receive Confirmation on next Sunday. It will be necessary for them to erect a wing or make some addition to the present building, if they mean to take more boys. I made Father Verhagen an offer when here, which he concluded to accept. If he should keep to the same mind, the wing (and a splendid one it shall be) will be up in a trice; and one hundred more boys can afterwards be admitted. The putting up of this wing will not in the least interfere with the establishment I intend for the Society in Boston. A propos, it is time I should deed this Worcester College over to the Society. Please let me know who is the individual to whom this deed must be made. Am I to deed it to one or to several of the

[1] See THE LETTERS, 1903 and 1904.

Fathers, and who are they? Let me know, and the deed shall be forthcoming in three jerks of a spider's leg.

You wish to know when I shall be down. It altogether depends on circumstances. I am at present as hearty as a buck, but cannot by any means jump so far. These legs of mine require dressing twice a day, namely, in the morning and again at night. How this can be done on so long a journey, is more than I can tell. The travelling part of the business I can well undergo —that would not inconvenience me in the least; I eat well, sleep well, have no longer any shortness of breath. In fact in all other points I am as well as ever I was; am weak, to be sure, *jusqu'à un certain point*, and shall be as long as my legs discharge. But when this is corrected, all will be corrected. I will, however, make an effort to spend the Fourth of July with you, that is, if possible. When I do start, I must do it quite secretly and let nobody know; otherwise it will be impossible to get off, such will be the *hue* and *cry*.

Dr. Greene's health has not been good of late. He is now travelling in Lower and Upper Canada, and has been absent a month. Our folks are all well—the same may be said of those of the College. Next Wednesday we mean to dedicate the new church in Worcester. It is the handsomest church in the diocese. Great doings on that day in processions—marching and countermarching, display of flags and badges, beating of drums, and I know not what. Bishop Fitzpatrick [his Coadjutor] will be consecrator, and I a mere looker on. Rev. Mr. Ryder will preach on the occasion.

Adieu! Kindest respects to all your college, and to the good Sisters of the Convent when you see them, without forgetting my good child, Stanny.

Yours in Christ,

✠ Benedict, Bishop of Boston.

Rev^d. Thomas Mulledy, Pres^t. of Geo. Town College; George Town, Dist: Col^a.

[Written on the outside of the letter: "Received June 21, 1846. The Bishop died August 11, 1846"].

Father Francis Lachat left our Province during the Civil War to become a Carthusian in France. The following letters from him will prove of interest.

Grande Chartreuse, Nov. 30, 1862.
Près Grenoble.

V. Rev. Father Provincial:

. . . I arrived here on the 2nd day of October . . . After I had rested three days in their inn, the Fathers brought me into a cell, in which they tried me pretty hard for six weeks; at the end of which they were pleased to give me the habit of their Order and to admit me as a novice . . . I have great hopes that the Lord will give me the grace of persevering: for neither abstinence from meat, nor fasting, nor watching has hitherto done me the least harm; nay, I may say that my health has not been so good this twenty years, as it has been since I came here. The solitary, quiet life suits my disposition very well. The first profession, which consists of simple vows, is made twelve months after taking the habit; the last, the solemn profession, takes place three or four years after the first. As Rev. Father Sopranis told me that I would belong to the Society until making the profession, (I don't know which of the two) so I continue to say the five Masses every month as usual for the Society.

I take this opportunity to thank your Reverence and the Socius for all your past kindnesses to me, and for the patience you had with me notwithstanding my many defects. And I beg you, Rev. Father, to recommend me daily to Almighty God, that he would grant me the grace of perseverance in this Order, for I am fit for none else.

I remain with gratitude and affection,

V. Rev. Father Provincial,
Your humble Brother Xavier,
olim FRANCIS LACHAT.

P. S. My best regards to all our RR. Fathers and dear Brothers.

Another Letter from the same.

Grande Chartreuse, Nov. 18, 1863.
Près Grenoble.

V. Reverend Father Provincial:

I have duly received your favor of December last, together with that of Rev. Father Bapst. I need not tell you how much pleasure it has given me. I thank you from my heart for the interest which you still take

in me, and especially for your charitable wishes for my perseverance in this my new vocation.

As your Reverence said in your letter that you hoped the Lord would bless the step which I have taken in coming to the Carthusian Order, so He has really done in his infinite mercy. Though this kind of life be one of continual austerities and mortifications, yet our good Lord has been pleased to give me health, strength and grace to stand it. So that the Community have thought proper of admitting me to the first profession. Yesterday then I took the three vows, as it is used in Saint Bruno's Order, namely, of obedience, stability and reformation of morals; the vow of obedience including those of chastity and poverty. I feel, Rev. Father, that some good souls must have prayed a great deal for me; because my perseverance was considered by the Community to be of so little hopes that one of the superiors told me, that if I did stand the novitiate, it would be a miracle. For a solitary life, they said, does not suit the Jesuits, nor could a well-fed body, as mine was, stand their continual fasting and long watchings. So that the Fathers are not a little surprised to see me always exact, in good spirits and still more fleshy now than I was when I came. Is not that the visible work of divine mercy!

One thing that gives me much consolation, is to know that I have still a share in the prayers of the Society of Jesus; since there exists between the Jesuit and Carthusian Fathers a mutual communication of prayers and good works. This communication, as I am told, has existed from the very beginning of the Society, and has been renewed, not long ago, by the two General Superiors; so that the two Orders might be considered like the two sisters, Mary and Martha.

I am very thankful to V. Rev. Father Sopranis for still remembering me. Therefore I beg your Reverence to be so kind as to present him my humble respects and most sincere gratitude; as also to give my best regards to all the Fathers, and especially to Father Bapst. I intend to write to him when I am sent to Val-Sainte near Fribourg, a new Carthusian convent which is actually being built. I conclude, Rev. Father, by renewing again the expression of my most heartfelt thanks which I owe to the Province of Maryland, and to your Reverence for your charity towards me. All the return I can make is to offer to God daily my feeble prayers for your and her prosperity.

I remain, with most sincere and lasting affection, V. Rev. Father Provincial,

Your humble and unworthy
Brother Fr. Xavier Lachat.

[Father Paresce was Provincial at that time, and Father Sopranis the Visitor. Father Lachat was then 47 years of age.]

Letter of Father Peter Kenny to Rev. Mr. Dubuisson Pres. of Georgetown College, D. C.

The following letter was written by Father Peter Kenny six years after the completion of his first visit to our Province, and four years before his return to us for his second visit.

Clongowes Wood, Clane, Ireland.
July 2nd, 1826.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

I have heard that you are Rector of Georgetown, and I am greatly pleased to find that I have an acquaintance in the college. From all the rumors which have reached me and the silence of my old correspondents, I could not tell where to find one of my old acquaintances, to let me know how matters go on in America. Believe me that the interest which I first conceived, is unabated and ever shall be so. I lament the evils to which that great Mission has been subject. Often have I regretted that I could not serve it more than I did; but if there was any fault in me, it certainly was not want of good will. Tell me, who is now superior. Is Father Francis Neale yet alive; where is Father Enoch Fenwick—what is the Archbishop doing against you or for you? What is become of Father Marshall? Is the corporation paying its debts? I hear that it has been new-modelled; what is this modification?

I wrote by this occasion—the brig *Rapid* from Dublin to New York—to Father McElroy, to Frederick; I told him the sum of our electioneering news. What am I to tell you? That the late Mrs. Patterson née Caton, granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton,] is now the Marchioness Wellesly, Lady Lieutenant of Ireland, is now old news. I have seen her a few times since her elevation. A priest from Louisiana, who says that he means to return to Florissant, told me two days

ago that she had entrusted to him a chalice for Father Van Quickenborne, and gave him £20 as a help for his journey.

How does the college come on? When do you think that your four Americans will be allowed to return? You would confer a lasting favor on me by informing me without delay whether Mr. O'Farrell of Washington be still living; whether he has made any provision for his sister, the widow O'Ferral. Mr. Matthews can tell you all about this; if you could learn anything on the matter, it would greatly oblige this poor lady.

I should have said that the Marchioness is much liked here; Protestants not less than Catholics admire her prudence, condescension and amiable manners. The Catholics only regret that she has never appeared in any public chapel; her chaplain says Mass for her every Sunday. The Archbishop of Dublin is her confessor and great friend. Before her marriage, she and Miss Caton came to see us—they met our Bishop here. We are told that Mr. Caton [father of the Marchioness,] has lately become a Catholic, through the ministry of Bishop England.

In France our brethren dreaded a great storm; but I hope that it has quietly blown over their heads. There has been this year as great a dearth of news from the Continent, as there has been of rain in this island. Yesterday was the first considerable supply of rain since March; the sun has been as hot and the sky as blue as at Georgetown. This is indeed very unusual for our climate, and bad consequences were feared for our potato crop and our oats.

The Pope is said to be very favorable to Ours; when the General was ill, he stopped his carriage and sent in to enquire for his health —a favor which was considered of great moment. The Roman College is going on very well; and, in fine, all through Italy, except the Austrian part, the Jesuits are making progress. Fr.Glover of Stonyhurst is coming from Rome, and we expect great dispatches by him; but I should suppose that Ryder or Mulledy or Fenwick or McSherry write frequently to you.

I hear that Mr. Levins is pastor of St. Patrick's in New York; of Mr. Baxter I know nothing—he was some time since serving a mission in Lancashire.

I should like much to know how good Father Van Quickenborne goes on [in Missouri]. How is Dr. Debarth and Conewago Mission? Who has the care of

Newtown? Whom have the Carmelite Nuns got since Dr. Fenwick left them? Are the Bostonians pleased with him after Bishop Cheverus? I am asking you for news instead of giving you information; in truth I have none to give, or I cannot guess what would be news for you. If I could in any way show my pleasing recollections, I should most certainly do it. If good Father Dzierozynski be at Georgetown, remember me to him; I do not forget the kind manner in which he received me and Father Aylmer at Bologna. I hope that he found that all the letters entrusted to my care, went safe to Rome; I certainly forwarded them immediately on receipt. I sent to its proper destination the amount of fifteen dollars sent me by Father Detheux, (to whom my best regards if he be still with you,)—and to Mr. McElroy his collections, tho' he has not acknowledged their arrival.

Yours in Christ,
PETER KENNY, S. J.

NEWS FROM VIGAN

Letter From Father John J. Thompkins

VIGAN, *July 3, 1906.*

I said in one of my notes that the establishment of the League in the Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary was its introduction into this diocese. This was not correct. Vigan and nearly all the surrounding towns were aggregated in the early nineties of the last century; but with the War all traces of the devotion disappeared. About the end of March Reverend Father Saderra, Rector of the Seminary, determined to reestablish the devotion here. Many of the promoters of the former League were still in Vigan, and his call for a meeting met with a generous response. He has fifteen gentlemen and twenty-five lady promoters, and the associates number some 700 or 800. With but a month to prepare for the feast of the Sacred Heart the celebration was a splendid success. A novena with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament each morning at Mass, and sermons in Ilocano and Spanish on alternate days, preceded the feast. There was a solemn investi-

ture of the Scapular at the six o'clock Mass on the Feast, nearly every Scapular in Vigan being distributed. As we had no supply of Scapulars here, it had been necessary to telegraph to Manila for the material and for two weeks the needles of the "Zeladoras" were busy. About 400 received Communion. The number might have been nearer 800, had there been more priests to hear confessions in Ilocano. Comparatively few of the people here confess in Spanish or English. There were only two Ilocano Fathers in the Cathedral.

I was pleased and edified that the Knights of the Sacred Heart entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the feast. I had been trying to begin a series of instructions for the teachers, who are here again for another course in training (June and July having been deemed by authorities preferable to December) and on the eve, I gave my first instruction. The regular ceremonies of the parish had prevented me from beginning before. I do not think many of the teachers were present, but most of the Knights and the Children of Mary from the High School attended. I waited for confessions after the instruction, and was disappointed when none of the boys put in appearance. I had gone to the sacristy to hear them. After waiting for some time, I started for the College and stopped to talk to a couple of the Knights on the street. Presently a group came out of the Cathedral and came over to us. I asked them what the matter was and one answered: "We were finding you," that is, they were looking for me; so together we went to the house and in our domestic chapel I heard some twenty-five, nearly all of the Knights, as school had opened the week before and we had not had our first regular meeting yet. Most of the Children of Mary also received Holy Communion the following morning.

On Sunday there was solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and nearly every half hour there were ten or twelve of the associates present adoring. The Knights were true to their colors and watched from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. At five o'clock we had a splendid procession, nearly 800 being in line of whom some 300 were men. This seemed to me the real triumph of the day. I mentioned before the timidity of the men about appearing on such occasions but the Knights threw themselves with enthusiasm into the idea of the procession and were most anxious to take part. A beautiful banner presented by an American lady in Manila, came just a day late for the procession. The boys would have been the proudest

beings in the province, if they had had it. More remarkable and more encouraging still was the appearance of many of the grown men in line; their presence was a protest against the colder spirit of the past, and a call to their fellows to take their part in all such future celebrations. The procession passed round the two immense squares in front of and at the side of the Cathedral. On its return to the church Father Masoliver S. J. ascended the pulpit and in a few burning words proclaimed the grand triumph of the Sacred Heart and called upon the people to make it the occasion of deepest gratitude to our Lord.

Like all good works however it did not attain this happy result without opposition. Of course Pons, the ex-Augustinian, was the assailant. The gentlemen promoters met here in the Seminary on Sunday April 29. In the next issue of Pons' paper "Algo es algo," there was an account of the meeting and a declaration that the object of the Apostleship of Prayer was not devotion but a cloak to the Jesuits' desire to control the ballot in this section of the country. Simultaneously this worthy successor of Luther made a general assault on all the devotions of the Church, the Rosary, St. Anthony, etc. In another article our Rector, though not mentioned by name was accused of declaring that their voting and their interest in their country were to be under the direction of the Pope. In a third and lengthy article, Pons attacked Indulgences, and declared that protestantism was more conformable to the doctrines of Jesus Christ than Catholicity. I heard that he was greatly enraged at the success of the celebration. In the sheet published in Ilocano by Williams, the American protestant minister, Pons had an article trying to prove protestantism superior to Catholicity.

Pons is vile and very, very small. The most private and household affairs of the Bishop and ourselves are commented on in his paper. The last assault he made upon us was the announcement that because they could get the goods fifteen centavos cheaper, the Jesuits deal in a Chinese store although a worthy caballero, who has two boys boarders in the seminary, has a much better store. The policy of the Bishop with this faithless priest has been silent contempt. On one occasion in a meeting of priests and I think prominent laymen of the vicinity Pons urged them to reject the Bishop, as he was not a Filipino. The Government Fiscal of Vigan, a graduate of the Ateneo, asked the members of the as-

sembly if they were not Roman Catholics and when they answered in the affirmative, the young layman asked them how then could they reject a Bishop sent by the Pope of Rome. On the arrival of the Bishop and his five American priests, Pons attacked them in his paper. After a while one or two wished to answer, but the Bishop said "No, Pons will die out." Pons might have been forgotten by this time had not one of the Filipino priests of the diocese undertaken to refute him on Spiritism. Pons has written sixty articles in answer.

When the Josephite Fathers from England arrived in Manila, Pons sounded the alarm that the Friars were returning and called upon the Filipino priests to be on their guard, urging again disloyalty to the Bishop. About twenty of these Filipino priests happened to be finishing their retreat just then in the College. They drew up a joint letter, telling Pons that they understood thoroughly well the sterling qualities of the Bishop, and that the exhortations and counsels of Pons were neither desired nor welcomed. They concluded by offering to pay his voyage back to Spain on condition however that he would never return to the Islands. Pons was indignant, but his duplicity was soon manifested. He visited the parish priest of Vigan, and said he would accept the offer of transportation, if in addition the Fathers would pay him two hundred pesos yearly while he lived, or give him three thousand pesos down. At the very same time, he published the letter in the "Algo es Algo" and asserted that the priests had not drawn it up.

The Knights are very zealous. They are especially anxious to round up all the protestant Filipinoes that they know and bring them to see me. All last year's boys have returned to the society and the new boys in the High School this year, have been earnestly requesting permission to enter. Many of the teachers now want to join and these are admitted as "Honorary Members." Some of them express the desire of having similar societies in their own pueblos, but fear the lack of interest on the part of the parish priest.

The president of the society went down to the Province of Pangasinan during the vacations and with a zeal really apostolic, tried to establish a branch society. The priest was most willing, but was just then at work reestablishing a St. Joseph's Society that had once flourished. The president visited several houses of Aglipayans in company with the priest and with his permission and encouragement attacked the in-

mates for their false doctrine. He had the happiness of seeing the good fruit of his words in the conversion of one old fellow, who died a few days afterward. The whole family came back to the Church. The young man visited twelve other towns in Pangasinan during vacation, and "I preached," he added with great joy, "I preached in them all." On his homeward journey he was shipwrecked twice and reached his home with scarcely sufficient clothes to cover him.

Not many of the teachers attended my Thursday afternoon lectures. Five hours a day in the classroom seem to have been sufficient for them. However I had, I think, nearly all at the Sunday morning instructions. It was even more gratifying to see the fidelity with which the young men and girls—and especially the young men—of the High School came to the Cathedral on Thursday after class. A peculiar incident occurred the week I gave the retreat, beginning July 16. At 5.15 the girls of the High School were present and some few teachers, but there was not a boy in sight. I was surprised but I have learned to be ready for any such contingences among these people. I began my instruction and when half through, all the boys trooped in in a body. That afternoon a new course had been added to the High School curriculum and the boys were subjected to an half hour's gymnastic exercise—beginning at 5 o'clock. When it was over, they came to the Cathedral. This happened every day of the week.

Meanwhile things had not been going on to the satisfaction of the ex-friar Pons, and his protestant colleagues, Williams and Peterson. On July 8, I spoke of Confirmation; as I was leaving the Cathedral to return to the Seminary, I was surprised to see Mr. Williams, the Christian Mission (Campbellite) minister of Vigan, leaving the Cathedral also. On my way to the Cathedral the following Thursday, I saw in the distance the minister's wife. Halfway across the plaza I was approached by Canuto—the doughty henchman of Williams. He made the astounding statement that Padre Pons and Mr. Williams challenged me to a public discussion in the Cathedral! I should have disdained to answer him but I was not equal to the occasion. I told him to tell Pons and Williams that the Roman Catholic Cathedral was too sacred a place for them to enter. Nothing daunted, Canuto then said that they would meet me in the public plaza. Telling him to inform the challengers that I lived at the Seminary where they were free to visit me,

I passed on. The minister's wife was standing at the side of the Cathedral when I entered.

About five minutes later as we were beginning the opening hymn, I saw the minister, his wife and Canuto in consultation at the front door of the Cathedral. The wife and the minister came in and occupied seats opposite the pulpit, Canuto standing immediately near it. The subject of the talk happened to be "Mary' the Virgin Mother of God, in the life of the true Christian." Vilely is the virginity of Mary assailed by these so-called ministers of the Gospel, and I think my discourse was a little longer than it would have been, had not Williams been present. The following Sunday morning, the Instruction was on the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament and Williams was again present, this time occupying a bench immediately under the pulpit.

The explanation of his presence came a little later that day in the form of an "open letter" to me written by Pons, saying that he heard the protestant ministers tell their "students of the College of Bible" [I think these students can be counted in Vigan on the fingers of one hand] to go to my lectures and hear my arguments, but I had forbidden my boys to listen to the ministers. This proceeding on my part was contrary to the laws of dialectics. So I concluded that Williams and his wife were giving the students of the College of Bible a shining example of the proper application of the laws of dialectics. Copies of this letter were distributed by Canuto among the boys and girls of the High School, and even I think from house to house; a bunch was thrown into our boys' chapel, and I got a special one through the mail. Of course Pons is still waiting for a satisfactory reply.

During July, a young man, a pupil of Pons, visited me regularly. Pons' philosophy was undermining his faith, he wanted to go to confession etc. I treated him with the greatest kindness, tried to satisfy his doubts, prepared him for confession, and assigned the day. He did not come, as it was raining very hard. Next day was Sunday, he came and apologized for his absence the preceding evening. I had a room full of teachers, and to my surprise Peter, my troubled friend, began a rather animated attack on the Sacrament of Penance, or rather the power of forgiving sins. He offered an apparently sincere apology on his departure, but several little things happened in later visits which made me strongly suspic-

ious that he was but an agent of Pons. Among these was the great anxiety showed, two days after the appearance of the letter, to know if I was going to answer it. Feeling sure he had come from Pons, I treated the whole thing with the greatest ridicule, told him how amused my friends in America would be when they read it, and finally asked him to get me all he could. As he was leaving I told him to tell Pons my opinion. A day or so later Peter again appeared and was most obsequious but said never a word about the letter. I think one explanation of the letter is that Pons wants to help his paper along: its subscribers are dropping and a good fight in its columns would not only recall them, but as I explained to Peter would increase its circulation.

During June and July many teachers visited me, and their questions indicate a deplorable state of religion and a sadder outlook for the immediate future. These young Filipinoes are teachers in the public schools. They are from the different towns of this province, and at least ten were fully protestant; how many of those who did not come to see me are protestant, of course I cannot say, but these ten are an example of what is becoming common in these Islands. Even if they say nothing against their former religion, what a baneful effect their bad example must have on the minds of young pupils.

If we had a few earnest priests, a few educated priests ready to meet the ministers and explain away their objections, I am sure the work of the ministers would be fruitless. As one young man, whom I hope I helped to bring back from protestantism said: "Father, no Catholic priest ever explained these things as you have done." Another who had been living with step parents (his own father and mother being dead), became a protestant through fear of them, while the stepfather became a preacher in the town. He used to rise early on Sunday, go to the Catholic Church for Mass and then attend the protestant service. The young man returns now to his town, determined to leave these people and live in the practice of his old religion. Four or five others have returned to their towns promising to renounce protestantism: but with no strong Catholic influence to counteract the protestant influence which will now be brought to bear upon them, without the support and encouragement of the priest, they are certainly in a dangerous condition. Yet all of these young men are I am convinced still strongly Catholic at heart and need but a little en-

couragement and a little instruction to keep them Catholic. My talks with these Filipino teachers of the public schools here proved to me their little knowledge or command of English. I must speak very slowly to them to make them understand and I can scarcely understand them, as a rule, when they speak.

Among the High School boys I found fifteen who had not yet received their first Communion. I began a confession and communion class, and about 30 attend every evening after schools. When these receive their first Communion, I shall try to get the girls. There is one strange feature of this High School work. The boys are all enthusiastic to be members of the society, and some come around to the Seminary nearly every afternoon, but the girls do not seem anxious to join the Sodality, although the meeting is held in the chapel of the convent. However, now that the teachers' Institute is drawing to a close, we may have more success with girls of the High School.

JAMAICA

IN FATHER EMERICK'S DISTRICT

A Letter from Father Patrick F. Mulry

(*continued*)

St. Ignatius' Brown's Town, April 8, 1906.—I came down from Alva yesterday and must get back to-day for evening Benediction and sermon at that place. Mass here this morning at 10 o'clock. More than half the congregation, of about fifty in number, were Protestant. One or two of the latter even helped the choir in the singing of the hymns. In the very first seat was Dr. Miller, a Canadian who has settled in Brown's Town and who has said more than once that if he ever becomes anything, he will be a Catholic. He went home to-day decorated with the blessed palm he had received during the service. Dan Daily read the passion in English for the congregation while I read it in Latin out of the Missal. Dan's brother, Richard, was also

present. Richard, who is yet a Protestant, comes from the neighboring parish of Manchester and with his wife is to be received into the Church in a couple of weeks. Most of the Catholics at Mass were from Somerton a station three or four miles away in the hills, where I am to say Mass when I get the chance some week-day. The organist Miss Leny Mullin Barrett is a niece of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning and, as might be expected, is a lady of no ordinary culture. At present she is governess for her sister's children, the Casserlys, who with their father had come at least fifteen miles to church, and did most of the singing for us. The Protestants in the congregation were very respectful, which, already, is much of an improvement in their conduct of a year or two ago. The neighborhood is decidedly a heretical one, but the people are beginning to get used to us and, in time, the station may be enriched with more converts. As it is, the parsons must be amazed at Father Emerick's boldness in erecting in the sight of all a mammoth crucifix in front of the priest's house and ringing in his small flock with by far the grandest bell in the whole district—the old fire bell from Kingston.

The "Three Hours" was given at Brown's Town on Good Friday under what may be in truth described as exceptional circumstances. In front of the priest's residence is the large crucifix, thirty feet in height, firmly fixed in an elevated base of mason work. On this base as a platform I preached to a congregation of about three hundred persons, most of whom were Protestants. The different missions, however, for miles around were represented by Catholics of every variety of color from white to jet black. Miss Leny Mullin Barrett looked after the music and had clever assistants in Mr. John Casserly's talented family. It need hardly be said that Mr. Dan Daly helped to swell the harmony of the beautiful Passion hymns, in which even many of the Protestants joined. The church benches had been removed to the grounds about the crucifix and other benches had been improvised from boxes and boards borrowed from two gentlemen of the town, who, although non-Catholics, have never failed to show practically their interest in whatever Father Emerick, who is one of their heroes, may happen to have set his mind upon. That the Sacred Heart may reward their goodness by giving them the gift of faith is what the Catholics of St. Ann's Parish are praying may happen in the case of Mr. Young and Mr. Isaacs. There was a hot tropic sun in the sky above

us but most of the audience were shaded by the pimento and cedar-trees under which the benches had been placed. The preacher's stand was the worst off in this respect, as the arrangements I had made for shading it proved quite ineffectual. As a result, the tan of twelve years' experience was, if possible, increased by the three hours' process of sun-boiling to which bareheaded and defenceless I had, of necessity, to submit. It was a consolation, however, to notice the interest with which all followed the proceedings. Not one Protestant showed the least disapprobation, although there is hardly a spot in the world where there is more ignorance and misrepresentation of us. As for the Catholics, it was evident that they were proud of the occasion, and of the impression which they felt such an exhibition of devotion must have made on outsiders. If they showed their eagerness in one thing more than in another, it was in the fervor with which they answered those prayers especially which were directed to our Blessed Lady. It would have frightened the bitterest parson of the district into abject, cowering silence, had he been present and noted the defiant vigor with which the Hail Mary was responded to. May the Heart of the Crucified Christ yet make Brown's Town a centre from which the true faith may radiate more and more and dissipate the darkness of heresy throughout the parishes of St. Ann and Trelanney.

St. Boniface, Alva, April 18th. I must again do a bit of summarizing for the proceedings of the last three days. I left Falmouth Monday morning after Mass and started back to Brown's Town. Whilst at the former place, there had been a good attendance at Mass and at the evening Benediction and sermon on Sunday; there had also been thirty-two Communions.

The drive to Brown's Town was a hot one and about half of it had been covered when we met two Syrian peddlers, astride of diminutive donkeys and jogging along through the heat and glare with paniers loaded with the customary dry goods and trinkets. They were good Catholics, both of them and well known to me. Their brother who lives in Kingston is a very active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in that city. I was not surprised when the Bruno brothers stopped to talk with me, for it was not the first time that I had met them in similar surroundings. But I was surprised when one of them handed me four shillings as their Easter

offering towards the church expenses. The occurrence is certainly sufficiently rare to be remarked upon and the silver will help to make up the regular deficit in my church collections. There are many Syrians in the Island, engaged in peddling their goods, often in the most out-of-the-way places in the hills. Most of them are Greek schismatics, but a certain proportion belong to us. There are two Syrian families in Falmouth who are the principal workers in our congregation. They are talking of returning soon to their own country, and, if, they do, it will be long before we shall be able to replace them. Elias Scoff and Joseph Scoff—the heads of the two families in question, and brothers also—are never happier than when serving Mass or talking up the Catholic Church to their ignorant neighbors.

Here is a clipping from the "Daily Gleaner" of April 10.

"A correspondent at Reading, Montego Bay, sends the following:—

The Very Rev. Father Collins, S. J. has been here, to our great delight, to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation to nineteen candidates on Tuesday, the third instant. The people round about turned out in great numbers to witness the ceremony and to see again good Father Collins, who, for the first time in his life, has had the pleasure of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation.

"The address which the Administrator Apostolic gave, previous to conferring the sacrament, was a most inspiring piece of sacred eloquence. One thing is true; Father Collins possesses the power of going right to the heart.

"In the afternoon of the third of April, Father Collins was at Montego Bay. At the Catholic chapel there, he erected and indulgenced a new set of Stations of the Cross. The pictures are very beautiful. Here again the good Father gave out a most impressive sermon to the many people present, who were all visibly touched by the fiery words of the preacher. Here again Father Collins left a very appreciative impression on all who heard and saw him.

"On Wednesday, the Fourth instant, Father Collins journeyed to Lucea to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. Here the effect of the good Father's words reached their climax. For not only the people, that literally packed the church were moved, but many an eye was bathed in tears."

St. Boniface, Alva, April 23. There were thirty confessions at Murray Mountain this morning and a very good gathering of the members of the congregation. But, once more, I can not help remarking upon the extreme poverty of the people. Even in poor Jamaica, it would be hard to parallel their absolute destitution. To take up a collection was out of the question and it became a matter of conscience with me to do what I could to relieve the hungry and the naked. For the past month, I have managed, through the Sisters to clothe a few of the school children. In some cases, the suit of clothes comprised numerically one item,—a decent, respectable shirt and the youngsters, who were fortunate enough, to obtain even this one necessary article, were as proud of attending school in the splendor of this simple garment as if they had been "togged out" from head to foot at a fasionable New York clothier. One of the two children baptized by me this morning at Murray Mountain was a shirted urchin about four years old. I wish some of the rectors of our colleges at home would only have an old clothes collection around Christmas from the college boys and barrel up a box for apostolic use in Jamaica country missions.

Alva. April 24. There is a sink-hole not far from Patrickfield and, as my interest in geological studies is not altogether dead, I insisted on being taken to it. Near the centre of a small valley formed by the meeting at the base of three hills, there is an opening down through the Tertiary limestone, fifty or sixty feet I should judge. It is narrow, not more than six or eight feet across and about thirty feet in length. The walls resemble in miniature those of a cañon on account of their regularity and the sheerness of the descent; in fact the hole might be described in this case as a huge rectangular well; the water below was not visible to us above, but the splash of a falling stone as it reached it was conveyed to our ears and, more than that, when we listened attentively, the sound of flowing water beneath was caught distinctly. We have here one of the underground rivers of Jamaica and into it, through this sink hole, the drainage of the surrounding hills is emptied. Not many miles away, near Stewart Town, at a place called River Head, one of these rivers, perhaps this very one, bursts out into the open and forms one of the natural curiosities of St. Ann's Parish. Over the top of the sink hole I am describing and at the height of about

twenty-five feet, the rock has arched, so as to form a shed, the ceiling of which is crowded with stalactitis. Most of these have been slimed by the cave-swallows whose nests are plentiful between them. And right over the centre of the sink-hole, there is a circular hole in this limestone shed through which, in case of need, a bucket and rope, by means of the necessary machinery, might, I imagine, be lowered to the water below. As occasionally there is a drought in St. Ann's Parish, I wondered the idea had never been thought of. I said as much to the sambo owner himself, whom I found planting yampies not far away. He laughed at what he evidently considered a joke on my part and vouchsafed the remark that he thought too much of his life to run the risk. Redway, one of my companions, had previously in his own way philosophized over the sink-hole and as what he said may explain much in the Jamaican character, I set down his views as nearly as I can in his dialect. We had just pushed through the dense growth which reached to the very edge of the cave-like entrance and he and I were doing our best straining our eyes over the edge and downwards to catch a sight of the hidden river. "Lok!" was Redway's exclamation. "Wat a ting, nature! Man tink hisself somefun but him ought had was fe to come and fin' what nature do. You no tink God know wat him do! Man, consequential pickney, fe true! An' me lib 'bout here a' (all) mi life an' me nebber know! cho! Me heer long time from plenty people dat dem 'Merican tourists larn we old-time Jamaica men de country wha we lib and born." There are very many of these sink-holes in St. Ann's and the neighboring parish of Manchester, some of them much larger than this which is situated on the Maida property; there are few however, more favorable, I think, for observation and study.

Holy Angel's Linton Park, April 29.—I would like to set down here, if it were possible, a pen picture of the view which is before me as I look through the window near me in the school chapel where I am writing. Right across the centre of a circular valley, a limestone ridge, narrow and perpendicular has been thrown like a diameter by the God of nature in the days when the world was young and elemental forces were at work in their primeval grandeur. At about the middle of this ridge and half a mile as the crow flies from any point of the green hill sides which surround it, stands the

neat stone chapel of the Holy Angels; the mission cross in front, which is about thirty feet high, is the first thing to catch the eye, when with a turn in the road the secluded valley is entered. In the belfry, standing apart at the back, hangs a good-sized bell, the sound of which on Sunday mornings reaches the cottages and huts which, as far as the circling hill line cuts the sky, may be seen in the clear air standing out here and there red and white against a background of verdant green. Three or four yards from the wall of the chapel at either side, the ridge falls a hundred and fifty feet, sheer down, but the abruptness of the descent is partially concealed by the mass of vegetation which clings to it. Everywhere within sight are the riches of tropical growth—orange trees, fig trees, cocoanut, otaheite apple, sweet wood, prickly aloe, pimento, banana plants—and at the extreme right, at the very top, overlooking what Whittier would call the "green walled" valley, is the palace of Mrs. MacEnnis—a mud-hut, palm-thatched, filling in a break in the sky and guarded at one end by a giant bass cedar and at the other by a wide spreading star apple tree. Into this earthly paradise sin has not failed to find an entrance and sin, too, which has so little vestige of shame left that often it cares not to conceal itself. But the Holy Angels, to whom the chapel has been dedicated, by Father Emerick, are fulfilling the trust reposed in them. May they continue to bring home to the hearts of this people the love of the Eucharistic God!

St. Ignatius' Brown's Town, April 30th. Down from Linton Park and off for Falmouth early to-morrow morning. A fairly good attendance last evening at the former place for the Sacred Heart service, and fourteen Communions at Mass there this morning. The catechist had nine for reception in the Church, two of them adults, whom I afterwards joined together in marriage, ending for them a life of sin. The couple were barefooted and the bridegroom had a buttonless coat of some dark material which was set off by the white muslin of the bridal dress. They had walked in ceremony from the mud hut a quarter of a mile away where for some years they had been preparing for the marriage ceremony. A crowd of friends followed them and thronged into Holy Angels chapel to see the thing through. Richard Green, who made his first Communion yesterday, was prominent in the first bench, and with the privilege of an old church member, shook his head ap-

provingly, and looking at his neighbor groaned appreciation of one or two points I made in the address to the new couple. Mr. Lawrence is certainly doing good work in this mission and in spite of the necessarily few visits of the priest, much is to be expected from his zealous labor. In the course of the morning, I gave viaticum and Extreme Unction to an old Portuguese lady, who lives a little distance from the chapel with her son-in-law, Dan Dedrich, a German, one of the pillars of Holy Angels'. He and his wife take upon themselves the care of the priest's comfort during the latter's stay at the mission. Another visit was made a half mile away where a path—the steepest of the steep, led up to the dwelling of the Wisdoms. Holy Communion had to be given here to two sick persons, one of them a leper, Alpheus Wisdom by name. To look at him one would not take him to be more than fifteen years of age and yet he was nine years older. The awful disease of which he was a victim, had shrivelled up his face and form; all his fingers and toes were gone; and his ears showed clearly the ravages of the sickness. He was cheerful in spite of it all and moreover there seemed to be no precautions on the part of the other members of the family in dealing with him. As long as he remains in his father's little holding, he will not be forced to go to the Lepers' Home at Spanish Town; but, the law of the Island in this matter is such, that if he were seen in the public roads, the constables would arrest him and his committal to the Lepers' Home would follow. There are a number of cases of the kind in the Dry Harbour Mountains. Notwithstanding danger, which cannot but be great, the relatives as a rule prefer to keep the unfortunate with them. In the same house where Alpheus the leper was living, I baptized two babies. One of them has started life with the euphonious name—euphonious, if intelligible—of *Ebind Manista Brown.*

Another Portuguese woman, blind and almost bedridden, whose house was at Retirement three or four miles away, was also comforted with the presence of the sacramental God. It was almost twelve o'clock before I was able to reach her and, much to my gratification, the old lady had not broken her fast. Thus closed a morning of continuous apostolic work, and Brown's Town, when I reached it, an hour later, found me a tired man.

Xavier House, Falmouth, May 14th. It is now time to bring to an end what may have proved wearisome reading for many. After all there is a point beyond

which even much enduring patience will not go and if I have not reached it yet, it can not be far off. However, even if I say it myself, I am improving of late in the matter of patience, and if I have taken it out of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, they will not grudge me the one outlet I have had in my days of solitary wandering. Only yesterday I travelled six miles and more from Falmouth and took our Lord with me to give in Holy Communion to a family of sick Forgartys. I arrived early enough—half-past eight—and had even taken the precaution to send word a day ahead of my coming. Mrs. Fogarty and Dan Fogarty and Pat Fogarty had taken coffee ten minutes before my arrival. A week ago at Alva I woke to find that the rats had stolen my host-box during the the night and made a meal out of a good portion of its contents; and I was put to straits in consequence. For a good up and down training in the philosophy of life, let me recommend to some of my spoiled brethren at home a taste of the glorious mission life of Jamaica. Of dulness certainly there is not a trace. And there is exciting sport, too, for those who are on the lookout for a spiritual hunting ground. Buggy accidents, worn-out horses, a temperature above the earth more suitable for a nameless place beneath it, mendicant humanity, brazen-faced sinners, canting Baptists, bright-eyed, dusky-faced "pickneys," work from glowing morn to dewey eve and sometimes from dewey eve to glowing morn again—all these are but persons and events in the chase exhilarating beyond compare, of the devil beasts which infest the Tropic "bush" of Jamaica. May Father Provincial send us soon a dozen more trained hunters! There is big game enough for any number of Ignatian sportsmen.

PATRICK F. MULRY, S. J.

Au Congo et aux Indes—Les Jesuites Belges aux Missions By Peres de Pierpont, Le Cocq, and Van Austin, s. j. Bruxelles Chas. Buleus, 1906 8vo, pp. 312.

A most interesting and instructive book has just been published by the Scientific Printing Co. in Brussels, giving an account of the labors of the Belgian Missionaries of the Society in Congo, in India and in Ceylon. The book contains 315 pages, is profusely and richly illustrated with half tones, and has four large maps indicating in detail all the towns and districts under the care of the Fathers. It is divided into three parts: the first, 134 pages, written by Father I. de Pierpont, s. j. following our Fathers in the Mission of Kwougo in the Congo.

Father V. Le Cocq, s. j. in the second describes the foundation, growth and development of the Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon; and also the Missionary labors throughout the diocese of Galle: The second part covers 73 pages. The last 100 pages form the third part. The author, Father G. Van Austen, gives the history of the Calcutta Mission, where the Belgian Fathers have done such admirable work among the heathen, and where owing to their efforts the Catholic Religion is daily making rapid progress.

The impression which the perusal of the book leaves on the reader is one of admiration for the spirit of heroic sacrifice, manifested not only by the missionaries but also by the Fathers in Belgium. The Belgian province, in spite of its insufficiency of men for the work at home finds it possible to send 270 of its best subjects to foreign missions; 32 to Africa; 31 to Ceylon, and 207 to the Calcutta Mission in Brittish India.

Much, too, of the progress of the Catholic Faith in these Belgian Missions was owing to the generous contributions of the Belgian people. Magazines and bulletins issued periodically and sent to the benefactors, keep them informed of the doings of the Fathers. These monthly or weekly publications relate missionary expeditions into unknown regions; they describe visits among savages who never before saw the face of a white man; they speak of conversions wrought, of baptisms administered, in a word of every interesting incident in missionary life. But though relating the advance that the Church is making daily and hourly, one thing they cannot offer the reader: that is a detailed history of the establishment and development of the missions themselves. To meet this demand the present work has been published. The three authors have evidently the same end in view, and are led by one and the same thought. One idea pervades all their pages. Were it not that three names were prefixed to them we would judge they were written by one man. They have done their work admirably and the book should be read by all those who wish to get a true idea of the work of our Fathers in the Congo and India.

An Indexed Synopsis of the Grammar of Assent by JOHN J. TOOHEY, S. J., Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. Of the many favorable reviews that have appeared both in England and America of Mr. Toohey's little volume, the following from the pen of Fr. Michael Maher, of Stonyhurst, so well known from his work on Psychology, seems well worth reprinting. The original, of which we give but an extract, appeared in the *Catholic Weekly*, an English journal.

"Whatever be the ultimate trend of theological and philosophical thought on these topics, anything that helps to make Newman's own teaching clearer is obviously a gain. Consequently a most welcome and useful little volume at the present time is the "Indexed Synopsis of the Grammar of Assent," compiled by Rev. J. J. Toohey, S. J. (Longmans). The work coming from America is a further evidence of the 'live' character of Newman's teaching across the Atlantic as well as on the Continent of Europe. Given in the form adopted by the Jesuit writer, who is apparently in general sympathy with the author's doctrine, it is useful as a careful, painstaking effort to present in convenient form and in an impartial manner Newman's teaching on all the main conceptions treated of in the Grammar of Assent. The book is an index or key, rather than as a synopsis, but anyhow it is a very convenient instrument to help one to find at once Newman's entire teaching in the 'Grammar' on such important terms as Belief, Assent, Certitude, Conscience, Doubt, Inference, Notion, *et hoc genus omne*. At a time when so subtle a writer as Newman is interpreted in different ways by friends and foes, it is a distinct advantage to have so handy a method of referring to all the original references in which the term has been employed by him."

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA

From October 15 to December 30, 1906.

	Age	Time	Place
Fr. Martin J. Hollohan	47	Oct. 19	Georgetown, D. C.
Br. Bernard Knoche	65	Oct. 24	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Br. Charles Asti	83	Oct. 31	Santa Clara, Cal.
Fr. John A. Morgan	68	Nov. 26	Washington, D. C.
Br. Joseph Pirisi	85	Dec. 2	Los Gatos, Cal.
Br. Thomas Kelly	41	Dec. 8	Pendleton, Wash.
Fr. Henry M. Ferrari	67	Dec. 12	Las Vegas, N. M.
Fr. John A. Chester	53	Dec. 20	New York, N. Y.
Fr. James F. Holland	72	Dec. 26	Denver, Col.

Requiescant in pace

VARIA

AUSTRIA.—The golden jubilee of the Kalksburg College was celebrated on the 30th of September, 1906. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Apostolic Nuncio, His Excellency Granito di Belmonte. The two bishops Dr. Paul Count Heuyn and Julius Count Zichy, former pupils of the college were in the sanctuary, whilst alumni, mostly Austrian or Hungarian noblemen, filled the nave of the chapel. About 370 alumni were present at the banquet served by a caterer from Vienna in the college-hall. In commemoration of the jubilee a statue of the Immaculate Conception, a gift of the students and alumni, was unveiled in the afternoon. Elaborate fireworks and artistic illumination of the college-buildings in the evening formed a fitting close.

BELGIUM.—The Belgian Province has 270 subjects in its foreign Missions: 32 to Africa, 31 to the Island of Ceylon, and 207 to the Calcutta Mission in British India. To supply the want caused by the departure of these Fathers, Superiors are compelled to have recourse to outside help; 130 secular teachers are distributed among the fourteen colleges of the Province. The Fathers at home are doing all in their power to help their Brothers abroad. They are untiring in their efforts to secure funds required for supporting the existing schools and churches and for erecting new ones. It is touching to see how the Belgian people of every class answer the appeal made to them by the Fathers. Some idea of their generosity may be had from the following list of contributions. It is taken from the July number of the "Missions Belges de la Compagnie de Jésus" a Monthly elegantly illustrated, giving an account of the missionary works done in Congo Bengal and Ceylon.

1. 102 francs 70 centimes, contributed by the classes of Rhetoric, Poetry, Humanities and 1st Academic, of the College of Tournai.
2. 200 francs collected by Father Sagement for Father Stacke (Ceylon).
3. 250 francs collected by the same for Father Stoffels in Bengal.
4. 50 francs, gift of the pupils of the second division in the College of Alost, for Father Achille Verstraeten Seminary of Kandy, Ceylon.
5. 11 francs for Father Van Tillborg Congo, a gift from some of his former pupils in the College of St. Michael, Brussels.
6. 50 francs for Fr. De la Croix (Bengal).
7. 20 francs from a student of Rhetoric.
8. 30 francs for the Calcutta Mission collected by Father d'Orjo.

The last named Father is well known to many readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. He is now a venerable old man, with snow white hair and over sixty-four years of age. Un-

able to set out for the distant missions he does all in his power to promote the work of his younger Brothers among the savages of Africa and India.

CALIFORNIA MISSION.—*San Francisco.*—Our new church was dedicated on Sunday December 23rd. After the dedication ceremonies by his Grace Archbishop Riordan, solemn high Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Montgomery. Long before the services began the church was crowded. In the sanctuary besides our own Fathers were many of the secular clergy. During his sermon Archbishop Riordan paid a high tribute to the work of Ours in the past. He thanked the Fathers warmly for the loyal support they had always given him during the twenty three years he has governed the diocese, declaring that any slightest expression of a wish from him had been for them a command "The Church we are blessing to-day" he continued, "is not like the old one spacious and beautiful. St. Ignatius has lost a splendid Church, a noble College, a great library, but that is all. The spirit that was behind these things is not lost, out of that spirit will come grander achievements in the future. I pray that God may bless the Fathers, I pray that your loyalty to them, their Church and noble College will never cease, and when Church and College are restored to their former perfection, all of us will, in the words of the Scripture, rejoice and be glad to be told to go back again into the house of the Lord."

After the services the Archbishops, the clergy and some of the prominent Catholic laymen of the city were our guests at dinner.

The Church is 60 x 125 feet with a seating capacity of nearly 600. It has six side altars dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius, and St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. The organ is of Gregorian type and was built in Los Angeles at a cost of $3000. It is an individual valve tubular pneumatic instrument and has two manuals. Owing to a freight blockade it did not arrive in the city till the Friday afternoon preceding the dedication, but by pushing the work through the two nights and day that followed its arrival, the 807 pipes were in place and the organ ready for Sunday morning.

The ground floor under the Church has been beautifully fitted up for a Sodality Chapel, with library and meeting rooms and the outlook for the Sodalities is promising. The League has been reorganized and is steadily growing.

CANADA. *The Immaculate Conception Parish, Montreal.*—The following data from the last report sent to His Grace the Archbishop will show how large and how flourishing is the parish of the Immaculate Conception. Families, 3,093. Communicants, 10,134. Non-communicants, 5,000. There are three large schools for boys and three large schools for girls, three small free schools, and one Academy conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. In the schools, there are 1200 boys and 1254 girls.

The annual retreats took place in November and December and were most successful. The men's retreat given by Fr. Prince, S. J., of the Missionary Band was particularly gratifying. One of the ends of this retreat was the establishment of the Temperance Society, and the spreading of the League of the Sacred Heart among fathers of families.

The men responded with enthusiasm to the appeal of their pastor, Fr. Amatus Proulx, S. J., and duriug the eight days of the exercises their zeal was most edifying. "I have given many missions," said the Reverend Director, addressing them at the close of the retreat, "but never have I given one that has been more consoling, and never have I seen a congregation of men as deeply penetrated as this with the spirit of the holy exercises."

Thanks to these retreats, daily Communions have greatly increased in numbers, the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin have received numerous recruits, the League of the Sacred Heart has greatly extended, and 733 members have registered in the Temperance Society recently founded by His Grace the Archbishop. This parish has long been so exemplary in spirit that the Archbishop wished to inaugurate in it the new Society.

CEYLON. *A Letter from Father J. Cooreman.*—It is my pleasant duty to thank you again for the great kindness of sending me the WOODSTOCK LETTERS for the last fifteen years. We take a great interest in them here in far-away Ceylon, and they are the only means of keeping us somewhat in touch with the "Society" at large.

A few weeks ago, we had to send in our ecclesiastical returns, and I think you will like to have them. I shall give you at the same time our returns for 1896, so that you may see the progress.

	1896	1906
Baptisms adults protest.	7	30
" heathens	43	143
children (cathol.)	237	294
(non-Cathol.)	84	116
Confessions	6381	23087
Communions	7197	34616
Confirmations	249	297
Extreme Unctions	30	81
Marriages (solemnized)	39	44
(revalidated)	15	26
Number of Catholics	5445	9063
Churches	14	20
Chapels	19	20
Schools for boys	3	6
" girls	8	11
mixed	3	19
School ohildren (boys)	335	1992
(girls)	376	914

The most interesting place of the diocese, from a missionary point of view, is Hiniduma where Father J. M. Schaefer keeps up his work valiantly. On the last Sunday of August, His Lordship Dr. Van Reeth had the consolation of conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation on 68 adults in a place where, three years ago, there were no Catholics except a dozen orphan girls living with the schoolmistress. As it was the first time that a Confirmation service had taken place, it was made the occasion of great festivities, which attracted more than a hundred Catholics from Galle. This was rather a large number considering that Hiniduma is situated more than 30 miles from Galle and that the journey must be made partly in bullock carts, partly in boats.

The festivities were a great success and one of the pilgrims sent an account to the Catholic Sinhalese newspaper. This must have caught the eye of the Buddhist leaders, for lately they have turned their attention to Hiniduma. Two of them, Dharmapola and Harichandra, visited the place. Dharmapala represented the Buddhists at your Congress of religions in 1894 and is well known in the States, where he spent several years, notably at Boston. The other man, one Harichandra, was implicated in the Buddhist riots which took place at Anaradhapura two years ago, when the parish priest, an oblate Father, was grieviously wounded and his church wrecked and partly burned. This man is a born orator. He succeeded in reconciling the Buddhists who were quarelling among themselves ; he caused a rival school to be opened wherever there was a Catholic school, and finally he devised a plan to ruin the Catholics of the place. For this, two things were introduced. Every morning the workmen who go down into the plumbago pits have now to take pansil ; that is, to repeat the five precepts of Buddha. Although there is nothing wrong in these precepts as far as they go, a Catholic cannot use the formula, which is considered as an open profession of Buddhism. By the way, this pansil has also been lately introduced in the Buddhist schools, in imitation of the prayers with which we begin our daily work. Another means of harassing our Catholics is to implicate them in all kind of law suits. This will be a source of great expenditure to them, and as most of them are rather poor they will perhaps not be able to secure competent help in their cases. You see that the work of God is not done without trials. It is a good sign, but all the same the missionary who is bearing the heat of the day (here physically as well as morally) has a right to rely on the prayers of his brethren, who are working under more pleasant circumstances.—*J. Cooreman, S. J.*

ENGLAND. Father Pedro Gordon has succeeded Father Browne as Rector of Stonyhurst. Father Browne is now Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool.

Father James Robinson after a tenure of office of eighteen years and four months as First Prefect of Discipline has become Minister of the College. He had all but equalled his predecessor Father Thomas Kay, who was First Prefect for eighteen years and seven months.

Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J., is giving this Term's Sunday Conferences, on "John Henry Newman," at Oxford. This is the third time that he has had the duty; he was selected to originate the series when the conferences were first instituted just ten years ago.

The Stonyhurst Anthropological Bureau has now been in existence for two years. Its centre is at St. Mary's Hall, and its object is to elicit from missionaries and travellers in various parts of the world, detailed accounts of any savage races with which they may come in contact. For this purpose *questionnaires* are sent out, and the answers received are carefully collected and studied. The fact that the Society has missionaries in every part of the globe gives particular importance to an organization of this kind. Very valuable matter has, for instance, been sent in by Fr. Jette from Alaska, Fr. Torrend from South Africa and Fr. Gille from Ceylon. These reports are, in some cases, to be published by the British Museum and the Anthropological Institute, both of which bodies have taken the warmest interest in the Bureau from its commencement. The printed *questionnaires* are so explicit that the drawing up of information may be effected with the minimum of trouble. The study of anthropology (still, one might almost say, in its infancy) is intimately connected with so many branches of Catholic Theology and Philosophy, that we cannot afford to rely for our facts upon those who, it may be, have started their investigations with a prejudice.

Father Peter Gallwey the well-known author of "The Watches of the Passion" died on Sept. 23, 1906, in his eighty sixth year. When a young man his doctor hinted that he had but a short life before him, but he lived to be a striking instance of the adage that "men of condemned constitutions live long." His was a very commanding personality and all through a life of ceaseless activity his influence was as great as it was widespread. A combative instinct and masterful will helped him to override what to others would have appeared insurmountable difficulties. To this physical energy he added a flow of gentle wit and humor and an insatiable thrist for work, which sustained him in the exercise of almost every function which the Society includes within the sphere of its activity.

Father Gallwey was born on the thirteenth of November, 1820, at Killarney, where his father was agent to the Earl of Kenmare. After his earlier education at Boulogne he was sent to Stonyhurst and thence entered the Society at Hodder,

on Sept. 7th 1836. On completing his studies, his lungs began to be affected and he was sent to Ireland to recruit his health. A year after he was teaching at Liverpool. In 1846 he taught Poetry and Rhetoric at Stonyhurst and in 1849 began his theology at St. Bueno's. After his profession in 1854 he became Prefect of studies at Stonyhurst. He revived and made of obligation the camp system in the classes, and "Concertations," or contests between the different classes, were of frequent occurence in the community refectory, at meal time, a practice which is still in vogue at Stonyhurst.

Father Gallwey afterwards became, at separate periods, Rector of Farm Street, Master of Novices at Manresa, and in 1873 Provincial. After his Provincialate he was made Superior of St. Beuno's College and Professor of Moral Theology until 1877, when he resumed his old post at Farm Street, where he remained until his death. Twice, namely in 1883 and 1892, he was sent to Rome to take part in the election of a General of the Society and it was on this second occasion that Father Villiger accompanied him on his visit to the Holy Land, whither he went to travel the same ground, view the same scenes and breathe the same atmosphere that Our Lord did and be thus enabled to realize for himself and others the interior lessons of each mystery. This he has done in the great literary work of his life "*The Watches of the Passion*," a perfect mine of spirituality. Father Gallwey displayed his untiring energy in varied fields of labor, in preaching, giving retreats and missions, writing, assisting and supervising the publication of books and promoting every Catholic interest that came to his notice. His power as a preacher and director of souls lay in this that his own life was an object lesson of what he taught to others. When a non-Catholic clergyman asked him what he considered the best proximate preparation for a sermon, Father Gallwey's answer was: 'Taking a good discipline.' He was a great and simple man of God, a lover of the Blessed Sacrament and a lover of Christ's poor. Two other classes of persons commanded his special sympathy, his converts and those who were in any difficulty or trouble, comforting and encouraging, shielding them from observation, accounting for their position, explaining away whatever might give rise to a suspicion that they were under a cloud. A mark of his loving kindness was his habit, as Provincial, of accompanying to the train or seaport of departure those of his subjects who were leaving for a foreign mission. Yet in matters of serious duty he could act with an unyielding decision and sterness which some might regard as harsh and domineering. But to know Fr. Gallwey was to love him, and to any subject who would meet him with frankness and sincerity he was the kindest of fathers.—R. I. P.

From the Sodality Notes, in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* we glean the following:

"Now that week-day Communion, in consequence of the well-known decree on the subject, has become an established practice amongst us, it may be well to put on record here that the practice began after the summer vacation of 1905 and that from the end of the boys' retreat in that year, not a day has passed on which there have not been at least some communicants. The daily average has increased from five in October, 1905, to between fifty and sixty during the last few months."

Mr. Cyril Martindale, S. J., has been awarded the Derby Scholarship at Oxford. The following account of this scholarship will enable our readers to judge the character of Mr. Martindales' achievement. To be eligible for election as Derby Scholar a candidate must have qualified by a selection of distinctions, some essential and some alternative, from among First Classes in Moderations and Greats; the University Classical Scholarships—Hertford, Ireland and Craven; the Chancellor's and Gaisford's Prizes. He who has the best record among these high distinctions and has not exceeded six years from his Matriculation is awarded the Derby Scholarship without further examination. The scholarship is tenable for one year, during which residence at the University is not required, but the successful applicant must undertake to pursue a course of study approved by the Trustees and may not hold any appointment they may judge inconsistent with such studies.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY.—Not long ago, the financial management of athletic affairs was handed over to the student body, and the efficient manner in which they have handled the business is admirable. Though there was a debt of $450 after the baseball season of last year, the heavy expenses of the crew were met without deficit, and the field and track management reported a surplus of $378. 75 while the football statement shows a total net profit of $3,112.90 for this year.

The Ryan Gymnasium is now in perfect running order. Over and above the $50,000 for building, $3,000 for a superb equipment by Spalding have been furnished by the generous benfactress. Professor Maurice Joyce is physical instructor and subjects all members to an exact physical examination, adapting the exercises to their individual needs, and conducting the classes after approved scientific methods. Mr. Robert B. Collier, Jr., has promised the crew a gasoline motor boat for practice. This launch is to be swift enough to outrun the eight oar shell and compact enough for shipment to Poughkeepsie. The cost will be about $1,000.

Mr. Collier has also given $500 to the hospital for the equipment of an X-ray laboratory. The hospital is growing

and enjoys the reputation in Washington of being probably the best surgical institution there. It was thought when the first building was erected that it would not be filled with occupants for a long time, but in a few years, a wing much larger than the original structure was added, and now that is filled to overflowing. By a recent Congressional enactment, some aid is dispensed through the Board of Charities. In virtue of this, the hospital receives one dollar for each emergency case, the limit of cases thus paid for being fixed at three thousand for one year. This number is far below the actual number of cases treated.

Father Coronas has departed for Manila. He had applied for American citizenship and had almost completed his three years ot probation when a change of naturalization laws made it imperative for him to return to the west and spend three more months there. By the courtesy of the War Department a cable for directions was sent to Fr. Algué, who ordered him to set out at once for Manila.

The Riggs Library is to have a large fire-proof extension erected in the attic of the Healy building and capacious enough to contain 50,000 volumes.

The Christmas number of the College Journal had interesting communications from Mr. James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland My Maryland," from Senator Stephen R. Mallory, Mr. Condé B. Pallen, J. Carroll Payne Robert B. Collier, Hon. George B. Cortelyou, and Governor James H. Higgins.

After years of litigation, the Morgan legacies for research in colonial history and for a medical scholarship have been confirmed in our favor.

Lawyer's fees being subtracted, this amounts to $17,013, $13,000 of which is in interest-bearing notes. About one quarter of this legacy is for the scholarship. In the event of their demise, we are also entitled to a share in the estate left to Dr. Morgan's two daughters.

GERMANY.—*Stella Matutina*, the college of our Fathers of the German Province at Feldkirch, celebrated its golden jubilee from June 20th to the 22nd. The success of the celebration far surpassed the expectations of our Fathers and amply rewarded the zeal shown by the alumni in preparing for the occasion. As early as 1903 a committee was formed, composed of members from eleven different countries and had as its president the well known Count Droste-Vischering.

The celebration began on the evening of the 20th of June when the Alumni, who had flocked into Feldkirch during that afternoon, were welcomed by the Rev. Rector of the college. On the 21st the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, Rt. Rev. Joseph Altenwiesel, celebrated solemn high Mass during which Fr. de Hummelauer, S. J., the first pupil who was enrolled delivered an impressive sermon.

At 1 P. M. a banquet was held in which about 500 took part. Besides the Prince Bishop there were present the Abbots of Einsiedeln and Mehrerau, many priests, noblemen, government officials and members of the German Reichstag, representatives of almost every career in life. The speeches during the banquet and at other gatherings during the celebration were variations of the same theme viz. gratitude, veneration and love for our Fathers. The electrical illumination and pyrotechnic display in the evening attracted much attention.

The forenoon of the 22nd was devoted to a loving remembrance of the dead Alumni. During the Franco-German war alone about 100 Alumni of Stella Matutina sacrificed their lives on the battlefield. In the afternoon a "Garinagouter" (a luncheon interspersed with speeches, song and music) after the fashion prevailing in the college, was given. The most friendly, jovial and happy spirit prevailed among all; the men seemed to have become college boys again. No wonder that they left the refectory reluctantly. The conclusion of the feast was a beautiful and fitting one. The several hundred men assembled in front of the college before the statue of our Blessed Lady and there sang in chorus the "O Sanctissima."

Father de Hummelauer wrote about the celebration to the *Letters and Notices*. He says in part: "I think the meeting did vast and lasting good to all present, the arrangements being very much to the credit of our Provincial, Father Schäffer (an Englishman upon his mothers side), who spent most of his life here. We, the oldest set of boys, secured a table for ourselves, and had much pleasant conversation with these jolly sexagenarians who had lived useful and honorable lives in most different avocations. Telegrams came from His Holiness and from the Emperor of Austria. Among the guests of honor was the chief government official of Vorarlberg, who delivered a master speech."

INDIA.—*A Catholic Congress for India.*—The *Bombay East India* of December 1st writes:—The meeting of the Catholics of Bombay and Salsette last Sunday in the compound of St. Peter's, Bandra, was an event, the importance of which it is not easy to overestimate. It was the initiation of a great work destined in future years to bear abundant fruit. It was the first meeting of Catholics of this part of India as Catholics joined in the realisation of a common ideal, common aspiration and the meeting of common needs, *viz.* the honour of their Church, the spread of their faith, the advancement of their people. It is estimated that no less than 2,000 people attended, and we think that had the object of the meeting been more fully explained to the people than it was, the attendance would have been larger.

The treat of the evening was, of course, the two discourses

delivered respectively by the Rev. Father Seither, S. J., and Rev. Father C. Hutmacher, S. J.

The Introductory speech was given by Rev. Fr. Seither, S. J. Having explained that the meeting was divested of all political purpose and that it was not a purely religious function either, the Rev. speaker continued :—" What, then, are we here assembled for ? This meeting, my friends, has been called in the name of our magnificent Sodalities to give us opportunity to speak aloud to all Catholics at least on this side of India, bidding them to join with us hands and hearts in a great common cause. We are here to consider our position, to mark out the lines of advance, to start working along them in vigorous combination ; we are here to initiate a movement which shall bring the Catholics of India into line with the Catholics all over the world ; we are here, because we have at heart the interests of our community and the honour and glory of our Holy Catholic Church."

Concluding his grand speech the Rev. Father said: " Here we are this evening to swear renewed loyalty to the See of St. Peter and our beloved Pontiff, Pope Pius X. Here we are to testify in a public demonstration our unswerving adherence to our Catholic faith ; to rally in enthusiastic, sacrificing love round our religion and Church, to forget and forego the trifling claims of nationality, race or caste, to work with mutual confidence, clergy and laymen, in our sacred league, for the advancement of our people, for the spread of our faith, for the honour of our Church. This is what we are doing in India and we mean to do it well. We mean to do it by an organization similar to that which has done wonders in the West. We mean to have our Great Catholic Meeting year after year ; me mean to bring about a confederation of all Indian Catholics; we aim at, shall I name it so? we aim at a Catholic Congress of India. The Sodalities have initiated the movement ; theirs is the glory. Ours is the task to spread it over even wider areas, to even larger masses, till the Catholics of India stand before the world an organised body of workers for the genuine progress of their country and people, the joy and the guide of the Catholic Church.

St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.—Sir Arthur Lawley, the Governor of Madras, and Lady Lawley visited the College on November 23. In reply to an address of welcome His Excellency paid the following tribute to our Fathers :

" I desire, in the first place, to thank you Sir, for the sentiments of loyalty expressed in the Address which you have just presented me. I welcome those expressions of loyalty, coming, as they do, from the Fathers of such an institution as this, echoed as they are by the students under their tuition. I welcome them, because I know them to be absolutely sincere. I felt when I heard those words being addressed to me to-day that I was listening to the voice of an old

friend. In other parts of the world, away up near the Zambesi River in South Africa, I spent some years, strenuous, busy years of my life, and there I hope I made some friends. Among those friendships which I value most and which I look back too with affection is the friendship which I made with the Jesuit Fathers in the towns of Bulawayo and Salisbury. Every year I made it a point, if possible, to take part in their annual gatherings at Christmas time, and even now at that festive season I am glad to say that messages pass to and fro and we greet one another in friendly fashion. And standing as I do here to-day and listening to your words, when you appeal to me that we should work hand in hand in the cause of education, I welcome your appeal as coming from a friend. I do not propose this afternoon to embark on any exposition of the educational policy that is being adopted in the country. But we start from the same point, and I believe that we have before us the same goal. We want to see education more widespread, greater in quantity and greater in quality. That I am certain is the earnest desire of both of us.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. *St. Mary's College, Kansas.*—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1906, the students informed the college faculty that it was their purpose to begin the erection of a $30,000 Gothic Chapel in honor of the Immaculate Virgin.

Their plan is to get three hundred Sodalists to contribute $100.00 each towards the erection of the Chapel which will occupy the site of the first church, and indeed the first cathedral within the eighty-two thousand square miles of this State. The boys of the 50's, 60's and 70's will recall the log cathedral where the Potawatomies chanted the *Ave Maria* and where Bishop Miège pontificated, surrounded by his copper-colored acolytes.

That old land-mark had crumbled away before the end of the early 80's, but on the hallowed spot where it stood the white man's and the red man's descendants are preparing to rear a structure that will be slow to yield to the ravages of time. The rock is near by and willing hands are ready to fashion it in Mary's honor. The members of the Sodality, who are here now, and the former members, who have gone forth from the College since the Sodality was established here in 1869, will erect the Chapel. The number is limited to three hundred and the contribution to $100.00 each, because the students feel that there is a sore need of a Chapel, as soon as it can be erected, and they have no time for soliciting small sums from very many. The names of the three hundred contributors, their last year at College, the degrees they merited and the position they held in the Sodality, will be engraved on a tablet within the Chapel.

A mass meeting was held by the students on Sunday, December 16, and it was estimated that over one hundred of those present were ready to contribute towards the work immediately. A few of the old Sodalists, who heard of the move, have informed the director of the Sodality that they desire to be among the three hundred, and are ready with their one hundred at any moment. More of the old members are sure to be heard from soon.

PORTUGAL.—Five of the Society are to sail for the Zambesi mission early in 1907, viz., Father Alexander Moreira, the former Superior of the Zambesi mission who returned to Portugal for the sake of recruiting his shattered health; Father Victor de Figueiredo; Father Eugene Witz, who has already spent four years there as a scholastic; Mr. Constant Tribut a young French scholastic and Brother Anthony Martins.

The Republicans in Portugal are trying in their papers to stir up another religious persecution but fortunately the Portuguese government does not seem disposed to pay attention to their suggestions and desires.

At Porto, on October 20th, 1906 we opened a new college which is for the time being in the building of the Marquis of Montfalim, situated in the western part of the city and bought expressly for this purpose. The building is spacious with a large and beautiful garden. It is quite close to the Crystal Palace and, thanks to a contract already signed with the director of the palace, the boys are allowed to have their recreations in its delightful alamedas. The new college receives boarders and day-scholars; it has at present more than 54 boys, but we are certain that in a short time the number will go beyond that of Campolide and of S. Fiel. Needless to say that the course of studies there is that of the lyceum. The foundation stone of the future college of Porto will soon be laid. According to the plan, which is already drawn, it will be a large and magnificent college, the best in all Portugal, and able to receive more than 600 boys. Porto may be considered as the capital of the north of Portugal and the boys of that part of the kingdom are in general lively, full of energy and very intelligent. Consequently the new college is destined to do immense good, inasmuch as suitable colleges are rare.

The college of S. Fiel has this year 319 boarders and 61 day-scholars, and that of Campolide, only 297 boarders. At Guimaraes there is at present only the apostolic school; the former college has been closed and its staff removed to the new college of Porto.

Our novitiate is doing well this year. We have 26 scholastic novices and 16 coadjutor brothers. The apostolic school of Guimaraes has sent this year 7 novices, and Campolide, only 1.

The tertians number this year only nine. Four belong to Portugal, and five to Germany. Among the latter, is Father Anthony Höhne, who was three years at St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, as prefect and professor.

Perhaps some of your readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. Charles Carroll, of the California Mission, now a third year theologian at Oña made us a visit during the last summer holidays to learn the tongue of Veird and Camoens. Owing to his knowledge of Spanish it was a rather easy task for him to study Portuguese. In spite of the shortness of his stay he had already picked up a good deal of Portuguese when he left us.—*From a letter of Father Victor de Figueiredo.*

SODALITY NOTES.—It will interest Ours to know that the Act of Consecration has been indulgenced. Here is the decree:—

Il Padre Elder Mullan, S. J., Bmo Padre, prostratt ai piedi della S. V., La supplica umilmente a voler annettere all'uno e all'altro dei seguenti Atti di Consacrazione l'Indulgenza di trecento giorni, applicabile anche alle anime del Purgatorio, in favore degli Ascritti alle Congregazioni Mariane, da lucrarsi ogni volta che, almeno con cuore contrito, devotamente li reciteranno.

Che etc.

Atto di Consecrazione
Composto da S. Giovanni Berchmans

Santa Maria, Madre di Dio e Vergine, io vi eleggo oggi per mia signora, patrona ed avvocata, e fermamente stabilisco e propongo di non abbandonarvi giammai, e di non mai dire nè fare contro di voi alcuna cosa, nè mai permettere che da altri si faccia contro il vostro onore. Ricevetemi dunque ve ne scongiuro, per vostro servo perpetuo; assistetemi in tutte le mie azioni, e non mi abbandonate nell'ora della mia morte. Così sia.

Atto di Consecrazione
composto da S. Francesco di Sales.

SSma Vergine e Madre di Dio, Maria, io, benchè indegnissimo di essere vostro servo, mosso nondimeno dalla mirabile vostra pietà e dal desiderio di servirvi, vi eleggo oggi, in presenza dell'Angelo mio custode e di tutta la corte celeste, per mia Signora, avvocata e Madre, e fermamente propongo di volervi sempre servire, e di fare quanto potrò, perchè da altri ancora siate amata e servita. Vi supplico dunque, Madre pietosissima, pel Sangue del vostro Figliuolo sparso per me, che mi riceviate nel numero degli altri vostri devoti per vostro servo perpetuo. Assistetemi in tutte le mie azioni, ed impetratemi grazia, che talmente mi porti ne' miei pensieri, parole ed opere, che non abbia mai ad offendere gli occhi vostri purissimi e del vostro divini Figliuolo. Ricordatevi di me, e non mi abbondonate nell'ora della morte. Amen.

S. Congtio Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præposita, utendo facultatibus a SSmo Dño Nro Pio Pp. X. sibi tributis, benigne annuit pro gratia juxta preces. Præsenti in perpetuum valituro. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

Datum Romæ, e Secretaria eiusdem S. Congñis die 17 Novembris 1906.

A. Card. Trtpepi Præf.

✠ *D. Panici Archiep. Laodicensi Secret.*

Translation of Form 1

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of God, I choose thee this day to be my Queen, my Patroness and my Advocate, and I firmly purpose never to desert thee and never to say or do anything against thee and never to permit others to do anything against thy honor. Receive me then, I pray thee, for thy servant forever; aid me in my every action and desert me not at the hour of my death. Amen.

It is suggested that this form be used for Sodalities of younger people. Such is the use Father Mullan proposes to make of it in a Manual which he is preparing for Junior Sodalities.

Translation of Form 2

Most Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of God, I, most unworthy though I am to be thy servant, yet touched by thy motherly care for me and longing to serve thee, do, in the presence of my Guardian Angel and all the court of Heaven, choose thee this day to be my Queen, my Advocate, and my Mother, and I firmly purpose to serve thee evermore myself and to do what I can that all may render faithful service to thee.

Therefore, most devoted Mother, through the Precious Blood thy Son poured out for me, I beg thee and beseech thee, deign to take me among thy clients and receive me as thy servant forever.

Aid me in my every action, and beg for me the grace never, by word or deed or thought, to be displeasing in thy sight and that of thy most holy Son.

Think of me, my dearest Mother, and desert me not at the hour of death. Amen.

The translation of Form 2, made on the original Latin, was adopted by Father Mullan for his Book of the Children of Mary, which is just out. The wording is the result of great care and consultation. Father Mullan's purpose was to fix a form, if possible, for use in Sodalities of older people. We hope the Indulgence just granted will help to this.

Statistics of Aggregation to the Prima Primaria.—During the year 1906 the number of aggregations was as follows: In Italy 31, in Austria-Hungary 102, in Galicia 41, in Ger-

many and Switzerland 171, in Belgium 38, in Holland 20, in France 80, in Spain 40, in Portugal 16, in England and Ireland 79, in Canada 33 in South America 5, in the United States 179, in Mexico 21, in the East Indies 11, in Natal 1, in Australia 8, Total 876.

From the foundation in 1584 to December 8, 1854, there were 5625 aggregations. From December 8, 1854 to January 1, 1904, there were 20,869; during 1905 the number was 1889, in 1906, 876. The grand total of sodalities aggregated is 29,259.

SYRIA. *St. Joseph's University, Beirut.*—Father Walter Drum has written to us an interesting account of an excursion from Beirut to Damascus and Baalbek. There were six in the party from six different countries. His companions were the Professor of History at the University, a Belgian, who speaks Arabic fluently and acted as guide; an English secular priest of the Diocese of Westminister, Dr. Fortescue, who writes for the Catholic Encyclopaedia and is at Beirut for Arabic; a priest of the Roman province, who has just finished his theology; a priest of the German province, who has made a biennium at Valkenberg and a triennium at the University of Munich and is now studying Syriac and Armenian; and a scholastic of the province of France who has taught one year, has finished his philosophy, and is now studying at the University.

Father Drum is studying Arabic, both classical and colloquial, and Syriac.

HOME NEWS. *The Autumn Disputations* took place on November 30 and December 1. *De Virtute Pœnitentiæ*, Fr. Minotti, defender; Fr. Fleming and Fr. Walsh, objectors. *Ex Tractatu de Virtutibus Infusis* Fr. Taaffe, defender; Fr. Farrell and Fr. Fleuren, objectors. *Ex Scriptura Sacra*, "The Biblical Commission and Inspiration," essayist, Mr. Carlin. *Ex Jure Canonico*, "The Juridical Force of Concordats," essayist, Fr. Pyne. *Ecclesiastical History*, "Clerical Celibacy," essayist, Mr. McCaffray. *Ex Ethica*, Mr. Keyes, defender; Mr. Connor and Mr. David Cronin, objectors. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. Eireiner, defender; Mr. Leo Hargadon and Mr. Ranken, objectors, *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr Fox, defender; Mr. McGovern and Mr. Molle, objectors. *Mechanics* "Projectiles" lecturer, Mr. Lynch.